The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of Masculine Interest.

No. 185.

WEEK ENDING MAY 18TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

S.A.'s and ANTIPODEANS.

F. MITCHELL,
Captain of the South African XI.

S. GREGORY,
Captain of the Australian XI.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s., buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 943.

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MEDICAL, &c.

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For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 866.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SAFETY RAZORS REGROUND, Clemak, each. Gilette, Auto Strop, Ever Ready, made equal to new, or cash cheerfully refunded.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

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Look! As an advertisement, we will present a brand new razor, as retailed at 7s. 6d., absolutely free to all purchasers of 3 bottles of "Dressine," the famous non-greasy hair-dressing at 1s. 6d. Sample 6d. P.O. —B. Lester, 145, North Street, Wolverhampton.

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FISHING TACKLE.

Fishermen! Fish bite like hungry wolves when using Magic Fish Lure. Genuine Recipe, 7d.—Hughes, 105, Michaels, Shrewsbury.

The Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

ie London representative of the "New York Journal" better go a bit slow. His compatriot over in Washingthe egregious Senator Smith, is about as much as we stand with equanimity. The "New York Journal" ought to put a check upon his cynicism. The follows a specimen of his comments on the British inquiry the "Titanic" disaster: "He (Lord Mersey) lolls back s chair, asks questions in a deliberate, drawling tone, umably intended to impress the audience with the and unruffled dignity of these proceedings, which o different, and, needless to say, superior to the eager an questionings of the Senate Committee."

* * *

at, of course, was "writ sarcastic." Nevertheless, it dies the truth. Whatever may or may not be the imion intended by Lord Mersey, that the British prongs are superior to the "eager human questionings" h have characterised the "Amurrican," is an indisputfact.

* * *

rd Mersey doesn't ask such "eager human questions" "Did you fire horizontally upwards?"

* * *

rtunately not all the U.S.A. Senators are Smiths. Mr. ks, of California, is a conspicuous exception. He sted in the American Senate, the other day, against Smith's investigation into the "Titanic" disaster. This a British ship, he declared, manned by the subjects of t Britain, answerable to British law. The investigashould be undertaken by the British Government, and Smith had gone to an unwarrantable length in under- to ascertain details which we might well have been ed.

* * *

od for you, Mr. Works! We are told by St. James "faith, without works, is dead," but this is an instance e faith (in Senator Smith) is killed by Works.

* *

was high time that someone protested against the dayng methods of the "eager human questioner"—in fact, st his methods in general. We Britishers are really ce-loving folk, and we don't want any unnecessary unantness with our cousins across the herring pond. are welcome to make all the investigations they se, into both past and future disasters, whether on the or between the waterways of Mars; but they've neither nor justification to detain British subjects for that ose, and to question and cross-question them after the er beloved of legal luminaries of the Serjeant Buzfuz

The "gol-darned ole country" is not so effete and played-out as to be incapable of managing its own affairs. Far from it! We can do all the investigating that is necessary, into any disaster occurring to anything of ours. All the practical and practicable recommendations among those so officiously made by the Yankee investigators, would have been the outcome of our own inquiry, without any lead from Washington. And, moreover, we're quite prepared to translate words into deeds. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

* * *

The old Latin tag suggests another: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* And some of the good that can be said of the unfortunate lady who lost her life in the "Titanic" disaster rather than be parted from her pet dog is, that she undoubtedly was a genuine lover of dumb animals. But the excess to which such love can be—and often has been—carried! Fond though I am of dumb animals myself, I wouldn't lose my own life for all the pet canines in creation. To sacrifice oneself for a fellow human being is heroic. To do so for a dog is folly.

* * *

There are some people who would do neither the one nor the other, but who manifest their feelings towards both by letting the former starve and by fattening the latter to the proportions of a prize pig. And when the poor, panting, be-coated and be-doctored little brute dies, the undertaker is requisitioned, and it is laid to rest amid demonstrations of maudlin grief, as if it had expired in the odour of sanctity!

* * *

Then the tomb-stone which is erected to its dear little memory! And the inscription on it!—sometimes in dog-Latin, I believe; which, at any rate, is appropriate. Such nauseating sentimentality makes one almost long for a return to the days of the ducking-stool.

* * *

After Senator Smith—Mr. Charlie Green. This eccentric young American may mean well—and probably does—but he has extremely objectionable methods of well-doing. His zeal is not tempered with knowledge, nor even with commonsense. To fling handfuls of gold and silver about in crowded thoroughfares is a supremely idiotic proceeding. In nine cases out of ten—perhaps ten out of ten—the money finds its way into the pockets of those who are in no actual want of it, while the poor devil who really could do with a bit emerges from the scramble as penniless as before, plus a big dose of bitter disappointment, and a murderous feeling of envy where the fortunate ones are concerned.

* * *

Then again, bones have an unpleasant knack of breaking in a rough-and-tumble grabbing match, such as Mr. Charlie Green delights in; and our hospital doctors have quite enough to do under ordinary conditions. If Mr. Green, from the U.S.A., goes adding to their work, they'll be wishing him a neck like Seddon's.

* * *

The "Colorado Millionaire" evidently doesn't believe in doing good by stealth, and even if he did he certainly wouldn't blush to find it fame. In his case, the world has got to know all about it. Well, if it pleases him, what's the odds? If only he'll divert his superfluous wealth into right channels, and in the right way, there's no particular harm in his posing on a pedestal. But the Recording Angel, perhaps, isn't setting down to his credit the maximum number of marks.

* * *

If it be true, as rumoured, that Mr Charlie Green is merely a music hall artist, seeking to win, by objectionable self-advertising methods, notoriety that his ordinary stage performances would never achieve, or that he is being exploited by music hall managers for their own ends, the criticism evoked in either case cannot be too severe. But the "Colorado Millionaire" theory still holds good.

* * *

The law may not be altogether a "hass," but it is responsible for some curious things—or, at any rate, those who administer it are. The recent case of a prisoner being merely bound over to come up for judgment if called upon, because out of a windfall of £700 he had reimbursed certain small sums he had misappropriated, opens up a vista of interesting conjectures and possibilities.

* * *

It rather suggests that a man may mix up his employer's money with his own until found out, and then escape the punishment he richly deserves by inducing his friends to make good the deficiency. If not, why not? What matters it whence the money comes—whether from an unexpected legacy or from the subscriptions of sympathetic pals—provided it *is* forthcoming? That, at all events, is the logic of

the position. But it wouldn't really be safe to depend upon its practical application. Consistency is not the chief adornment of the magisterial bench.

* * *

As long as the world shall last there doubtless will always be room for reform. There certainly is plenty of room just at present, especially where railways are concerned. The other day a party of four, having occasion to attend a funeral some sixty or seventy miles from the Metropolis, took tickets at the London terminus from which it was necessary for them to travel. On reaching the barrier they were stopped by the collector, who informed them that the wreaths they were carrying—four in number—must be labelled. They explained that they preferred to take the wreaths with them in the carriage, and had no other luggage, but on the official stating that the rules of the company must be observed they obtained labels. They were then charged 1s. 3d. for the conveyance of the wreaths, which they paid under protest. A letter addressed to the company asking for the authority under which this charge was made elicited a reply enclosing an extract from the Act of Parliament of William IV. to the effect that a passenger is entitled "to take with him articles of clothing not exceeding 40lb. in weight and four cubic feet in dimensions." The company's letter stated that the staff were therefore acting correctly in requiring payment for the wreaths.

* * *

The latter proposition is a contestable one. It does not follow necessarily, as a strictly logical sequitur, that, because you may take with you, free of charge, articles of clothing up to a certain weight and not exceeding certain dimensions, clothing is the *only* thing you may take with you without payment. If the company's interpretation of the cited clause could be upheld, then the Act ought forthwith to be amended.

* * *

Ten people in a compartment; nine with clothing, aggregating 360lbs. in weight and occupying 36 cubic feet of space, for the transit of which they do not pay a penny, and one with a wreath of flowers and ferns, weighing only a few ounces and taking up very little room, for the personal conveyance of which he has been charged, say, sixpence! The situation approximates to the Gilbertian.

* * *

It is sincerely to be hoped that the protest against the "blood accusation" of the Jews in Russia, which has been widely signed by men of influence in this country, will have its due effect. The Jews are not all that might be desired—we're none of us perfect, whether Gentiles or Jews—but they certainly are not guilty of the horrible ritual murders laid to their charge by the ignorant peasantry of Russia, and the Muscovite Government should spare no pains to prevent such fanatical outrages as those of which that accusation has been made too often the basis.

* * *

If Jewry sided with Paganism against the early Christians, and helped to lead them a very dog's life, the Gentiles of subsequent ages have had more than a bit of their own back, and both might now well cry quits. We may not be, even yet, within measurable distance of the time when the lion will lie down with the lamb, and swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, but we can at all events begin preparing for it by cultivating amity between those who have been age-long foes.

* * *

As the anti-"blood accusation" protest puts it, "The question is one of humanity, civilisation, and truth. The 'blood accusation' is a relic of the days of witchcraft and black magic, a cruel and utterly baseless libel on Judaism, an insult to Western culture, and a dishonour to the churches in whose name it has been falsely formulated by ignorant fanatics. . . . It has been denounced by the best men of all ages and creeds. The Popes, the founders of the Reformation, the Khalif of Islam, statesmen of every country, together with all the great seats of learning in Europe, have publicly repudiated it."

* * *

This unanimity and universality of repudiation is indicated, as well as emphasised, by the fact that, foremost among the 200 signatories of the protest are men of such widely divergent theological views as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York on the one hand, and Cardinal Bourne and the Duke of Norfolk on the other.

* * *

Russia must look to it that her Jewish subjects are placed upon a footing that has at least some resemblance to that enjoyed by their co-religionists throughout the dominions of His Britannic Majesty, King George V.

Wake up, Woking! For heaven's sake don't go on earning the unenviable reputation of being the most disloyal and unpatriotic town in England. Only 31 recruits to the Territorials as the result of six days' canvassing, and that out of a population of 25,000! And the one existing corps termed the Woking Wasters, whose duties appear to be confined to walking about the streets smoking cigarettes! The national defence movement ought to be taken far more seriously than that. German bayonets on British soil are not an impossibility, you know. Nor should the possibility be relegated, in your minds, to the very dim and very distant future. So wake up, Woking!

* * *

If not to our magistrates, to whom *are* we to look for light and leading where keeping the law is in question? The Kent magistrate who was fined £1 the other day by his Rochester confrères, for cruelty to a sheep in sending it to market when suffering from a fractured leg, was treated by no means with undue severity. What would have been the penalty if he had not happened to be a dispenser of the law himself?

* * *

When will the inventor arise who shall evolve out of his inner consciousness some effective and harmless substitute for the perilous and pernicious hat-pin? There was still another fatality a day or two ago. A Stockport young lady received an accidental stab with a pin that skewered the head-gear of another member of the sex, and blood-poisoning set in, with deadly consequences. Let's hope there will be a general outcry before long that will lead to some drastic reform.

* * *

The dour and dismal Dowie again! As a result of insults and assaults to which they have been subjected on account of their smoking in Zion City, Lake County, Illinois, U.S.A., thirty-one British lace-makers, who have been imported by Dr. Dowie, have sent a petition to Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador, requesting him to intervene to protect their personal rights. They allege that they were not informed that they could not smoke when they were imported. A pretty state of affairs certainly, yet one finds it difficult to work up sympathy for people who put their faith in exposed discredited charlatans, however badly they may be treated.

* * *

There can be little doubt that, notwithstanding its palpable absurdities, the cleverly concocted story of that blot on the legal profession, Thomas Syms, was swallowed by many a believer in "spooks." But his eventual admission that it was all humbug, and that he himself was a licensed scoundrel, must have done considerable damage to the growing faith in spiritualistic tomfoolery. Let's hope so at any rate.

* * *

The readers of *Modern Man* are not all of the same political complexion, of course; but doubtless they will acquiesce in what Mr. McKenna said of a recently issued photographic post-card, displaying the portrait of the King between those of Sir E. H. Carson and Mr. Bonar Law, of obviously political association: "The use made of His Majesty's name and portrait by the persons who published this card was most improper." The King is above party politics, and any attempt to make it appear otherwise should be sternly reprobated.

* * *

Difficult as it is to sympathise with any type of striker, it is a still greater effort for thinking men to squeeze out a feeling in favour of the tailors who are, at the time of writing, agitating for an increased wage. The coal miner, however much trouble and suffering he may have caused the poor by increasing the cost of their fuel, is, at any rate, a Briton. But the present sartorial insurgent has no claim upon our goodwill. He—or at any rate nine-tenths of him—is a foreigner, an Anarchist, and the earner of anything from £2 to £5 per week.

* * *

Here we have a case of a trade union that has been hoist with its own petard. As a result of the action of the [illegible] body of English working tailors, by which the number of apprentices in each workshop was reduced to a very exiguous limit, there has been for a long time a great scarcity of British-born craftsmen. That is why the Jewish element, chiefly from Poland and Germany, is practically in undisputed possession of the London field.

No one rejoices more than does the present writer at the ready response that has been vouchsafed throughout the country to every subscription that has been opened for the "Titanic" sufferers, whether by municipalities, newspapers, or private bodies or persons. At the same time, however, it is a saddening reflection how many utterly uninteresting people have made the "Titanic" distress an opportunity for advertising themselves to a sickening extent, often at the cost of no more than a few shillings.

* * *

The newspapers are in a great measure to blame for printing *in extenso* the balderdash that almost invariably accompanies the subscriptions, instead of recording merely the sender's name and the amount subscribed. The following, culled from the *Daily Mail*, is a fair example of the nauseating sort of thing I mean:—"3s., By a very poor Widow, Mrs. Philips; Mother 1s., Jim 11d. Hugh (out of work) 1d., Susie (cripple) 1s., Eva (in sorrow) 1d., Maggie (very grieved) 1d., Mary 3d., Teddie (whose father has gone —given with a glad heart) 3d., John 1d. All this hypocritical self-advertisement for three silver shillings!

* * *

Now that Arnst, the sculling champion of the world, has arrived in England with the idea of sculling Ernest Barry on the Thames, the English champion hastens to make it clear that the contest is still in the lap of the gods. He will not, he declares, even start to train until the required sum for his preparation, etc., has been duly secured, alleging as his reason that he could not do himself justice if he were worried financially.

* * *

Though we are not quite so simple as to suck this ingenuous statement in as far as he intends us to, there is, nevertheless, more than a little good sense in what Barry says. Is there *no* interest taken by the public in the essentially graceful art of sculling, that there should be so much difficulty in getting together a few paltry hundred pounds for a match on the Thames between two such champions as Barry and Arnst?

* * *

Only a week or so ago a Sunday paper announced the sad death of a lady whom it described as "a very popular and much-respected sketch artist." The next week the same paper expressed its rejoicing to learn that the lady in question was *not* dead. Everybody who knows the lady will, I have no doubt, rejoice as much as the paper concerned; but here is a very pertinent question.

* * *

Having set the anguished minds of the British public at rest, *why* go on to explain that the talented dame is appearing in Messrs. So-and-So's long popular sketch, "The Such-and-Such," at the Whatdyecallit Empire, and that she has two others in preparation entitled, etc., etc.? This obvious attempt on somebody's part to get a "puff" out of what might have been a "blow" is yet another demonstration of the lengths to which the Thespian element will push the uses of adversity—or is it advertisement?

* * *

Cricketers all over the country are looking forward to high times, from the point of view of excitement, this summer, when the much-debated and eagerly expected triangular Test matches will at length take place.

* * *

It is problematical, however, whether to have a series of International matches between England and two colonies during the same season, is a wise cause, for more reasons than one. In the first place, the increased number of Test matches will be a great strain on the county teams, which will often have to play at reduced strength when International games are on. Thus it is quite possible that the champion county at the end of this season may be—not the strongest all-round team—but the side which has had to contribute the fewest of its men to the All-England elevens.

* * *

Secondly, it admits of doubt whether the "gates" will be big enough to go round. Cricket, unfortunately, does not excite the public interest that football does; and the crowds will have to be *very* big to spread satisfactorily over the county matches, and Test games between not one but *three* International combinations.

* * *

And if the returns are not of a satisfactory nature to our cousins from the Colonies, it will *not* enhance the goodwill of either Australian or South African sportsmen towards the old country. Why? Because in those latitudes sport is not inseparable from business. 'Nuff sed!

Boxing Bouts.

WHAT THE N.S.C. RULES SAY.

The Editor of *The Modern Man* has asked me to deal with questions about boxing which are constantly being received by him.

One correspondent, for example, wishes to know whether there are any rules in regard to the footgear of boxers.

The rules I am taking—N.S.C. rules throughout—merely say that contestants shall box in light boots or shoes (without spikes) or in socks. The great majority of boxers wear boots so as to lessen the risk of a sprained ankle, such as badly handicapped Tommy Burns in his meeting with Johnson.

AWARDING MARKS.

Incidentally, a boxer need not weigh his boots, or for that matter a stitch of clothing, when weighing in.

Another enquirer wants to know on what principle the referee awards marks?

Marks are awarded, in attack, for direct clean hits with the knuckle part of the glove of either hand on any part of the front or sides of the head or body above the belt; in defence, for guarding, slipping, ducking, or getting away.

If the men are otherwise equal, a majority of marks shall be given to the one who does most leading off or displays the better style.

Marks up to five may be awarded to each man for each round. Thus on one round one man may get five marks and the other only two, or they may each be given five marks, if there is absolutely nothing to choose between them.

POWERS OF THE REFEREE.

It is not perhaps generally known that if at any part of a contest one man has such a lead on points that his opponent cannot possibly win or tie on marks, then the contest must be stopped, the leader being declared the winner.

For example, suppose that at the end of the seventh round in a ten-round contest A has scored thirty points to B's ten, even if B gets full marks for each of the remaining three rounds he can only total twenty-five—ten plus fifteen—and therefore the referee should stop the contest and declare A the winner, though B may be full of fight.

The rule is a good one, as it tends to lessen the chances of a hopelessly outclassed man scoring an undeserved victory by a lucky knock-out blow.

Further the referee has power to stop a contest at any time if he considers a man outclassed, even if by some extraordinary change of form he could still tie or win on points, or if he considers that he is unfit to receive further punishment.

THE QUESTION OF "DOWNS."

"When is a man considered 'down'?" is a question put by many correspondents. Obviously a man is "down" when knocked off his feet and lying on the floor, but the tricky part of the rule is that a man may still be on one or even both his feet and yet be "down."

A man is down when any part of his body is touching the ground—the soles of his feet, of course, excepted. Thus a man is "down" if he has one hand on the ground, irrespective of whether he is on his feet or not.

He is also "down" while in the act of rising.

It is a foul for a man to go down without receiving a blow, though this naturally does not apply to a man falling from sheer exhaustion or from the effects of some previous blow.

My own impression of the Moir-Wells contest was that when Wells went down for the last time the Gunner had not touched him; in fact, I think Wells actually landed the last blow and then collapsed from the effects of a terrific body punch he had encountered earlier in the fray.

When a man is "down" his opponent must retire out of striking distance, and even when his adversary is "up" he must not resume boxing until ordered to do so by the referee.

W. P. GARNETT.

The practical sportsman wants to know *why* one kind of boat is more liable to capsize than another; *why* the "googlie" ball breaks in an unexpected direction; *why* the differential lessens the speed of the inside wheel; *why* the racket face must be sloped for a "half-volley" shot; *why* the overlapping grip in golf is so effective. The "Encyclopædia of Sport," of which the *Sportsman* has just issued a special edition on very favourable terms, has an answer to practically every "why," "how," "when," and "where" that the lover of sport may care to ask.

"Down On Their Luck."

A WIN THAT CAME TOO LATE.

Complete Short Story by FRANK SCUDAMORE.

The fiery September day was drawing to a close, and society in Cairo, feeling its clothes less irksome and its neck less sticky within its collar, was beginning to look forward with placid satisfaction to the next eight hours during which existence would be not merely bearable but even pleasant. Long strings of roomy "Victorias" paced the streets slowly and noiselessly, tempting jaded citizens to a cool drive beneath the sweet breath'd acacias of Shoobra. The string band girls—kitten-faced Bavarian maidens—were tuning the fiddles in the big cafés; British soldiers in couples tramped along the echoing pavement with that easy swinging stride that belongs to the British soldier alone; and two young men, who, like the rest of Cairo, had just risen from dinner, sat smoking on the balcony of their flat at the corner of the Esbekeyeh. They were lolling very comfortably in long deck chairs, and beside them, convenient to hand, stood tall slim glasses in which sizzled an amber liquid, to whose crepitations the clink of ice against the crystal played a soothing accompaniment. From time to time their hands moved gently towards these glasses or flipped the ash from well-flavoured cigars, but there had reigned between them a long, unbroken silence which might be the outcome either of deep ponderings or of the respect due to the processes of digestion.

At length, rousing himself with a sigh, the elder, who was also by far the bigger of the two men, clapped his hands.

"Salirman," he said to the native who answered the summons, "bring the account books from my table. We had better face it at once, Jim," he added to the other man, "before the little heart given us by dinner has left us."

Jim nodded, groaned, wriggled, and after a pull at the glass beside him settled himself to hear the worst.

It may be said that he heard it, and that it even surpassed his expectation. Not that the account books held much to surprise. Both men had known that the financial crisis now imminent must one day come. It was by no means the first crisis the partnership had known, and, of course, as always, they had staved off the evil day as long as might be, with a slowly diminishing trust in that shibboleth of the careless, "Something will turn up." And on other occasions something had turned up, and the collapse had been averted, and the pair had started afresh on that enjoyable career of adventure that they had followed together for so long.

For they were in the best sense thorough adventurers, and for eight years—a big slice out of thirty—their partnership had held good, and their lives had been as one. They had shared the same dangers and had profited alike by each other's good fortune. Together they had had flashes of good luck, and streaks of bad; but through it all—in the tent or the city, in the first-class hotel or the shabbiest lodging, they had remained staunch friends. And they had through it all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Jim Dallas, lying back in his chair, saw all their past years pass in procession before him. He was not listening to the accounts. They were in a hole—that was all. He took shelter behind a breast-work of reminiscences. How it all came back—from their first chance meeting in the Balkan plain, strewn with murdered Bulgars, lying unburied amid the rose trees. How it all came back. Their six nights' vigil in the Plevna hut, amid the ceaseless bursting of Russian shells. How they had watched for the flash of these shells with eyes fixed on the smoke above the Russian batteries. "There she goes," would cry Steen. Then another wait till they saw the glowing mass in the air and heard its song begin. And then "Duck, my lad," and both crouched down while the missile went tearing overhead—sometimes close, sometimes far away, but always seeming to come straight at them. And after the war their wild gambling bouts in Constantinople. And later their summer cruise among the islands; and the Albanian trip, when they got mixed up in a blood fued—and the massacre and fighting here in Egypt; and a dozen other exciting memories.

"Yes," thought Jim Dallas, "we've had good times, and why should they not continue?" They had weathered bad storms before and ——

"To sum up," broke in Steen Kerr. "Jim, you're not listening."

"Ah yes, to sum up." Dallas awoke from his dream. "We're in a deep hole, eh? And times are so set for peace that we've not much chance of a job at present; meanwhile dividend day is far distant, and we can't anticipate. Yes, we are in a tight place. What's the exchequer, Steen?"

"Ten pounds in gold and some silver," said his f
"and no one would buy the horses at this time of year.
"Well, old man, ten pounds is no more use tha
measles to fellows situated as we are. Leave a coup
the cook, give three to me, and put the rest in your po
and come across to our friend, M. Léon, and let's ha
innocent flutter and test the luck. We can't do ours
much harm anyway, and somehow I feel I shall win.
"And I," said the big man, "am just as certain I
lose—at this or anything. But never mind, Jim, I'll se
through the business."

They went, therefore, to the luxurious little French
that a few years ago used to be so well patronised by vi
to Cairo, and found a goodly gathering of amiable
doers in the baccarat room. Djeoded Pasha, a we
Turkish prince, held the bank, and as was generally
case when the sporting tastes of this noble led hi
M. Léon's door, the punters were reaping a goodly ha

The two friends, changing gold into dollars, placed t
selves at different ends of the long table and began to
and from the first fortune favoured Dallas. He won
tinuously until ere long not only had he a big pile of n
before him, but from staking dollars in two's and th
had advanced to the position of risking five or ten po
on a coup. Steen, at the other end, had no such luck.
was playing timidly, and although the cards were ste
against the banker, and Djeoded had several
"sweetened" the bank with some hundreds of pou
Steen Kerr could make no headway, and albeit he
several times replenished his pockets from Dallas's
nings, lost with a steady and disheartening persistency.

"The ill luck is in me," he said to Dallas with a gro
"the ill luck's in me. If I were less miserable I sh
have won, but as it is here again goes the last dollar."

And sure enough as he spoke the dollar was gently r
in to swell the Pasha's much diminished capital.

"This won't do," said his friend. "I'm winning, bu
table is getting it back through you. We must chuck
Come home to supper. It will be cool, and we can at l
do better than drink Léon's villainous champagne and G
brandy."

And Kerr consenting with the painful apathy with w
he now-a-days acquiesced in all his friend's proposals,
were soon once more seated in the cool Esbekeyeh flat.

"It's no use, Jim," said Kerr sadly, pushing back
chair, "I am nothing but a drag on you. What else h
I been all these months? It has been all along the exp
ence of to-night. You prosper, I drag you down; you
work, I can't; you win money, I lose it. Even to-ni
I have lost sixty-five pounds that you had won, and thi
a time when such a sum might have put us on our feet aga

"Certainly," assented his friend, "the luck is against
just now, old man. But it will change. It will turn, Ste
never fear."

Kerr rose from his chair and walked over to where
tantallus stood on a side table.

"My luck will never change," he said as he selec
a decanter, "until something dramatic occurs to break
monotony of this too peaceful existence. Think of it, Ji
it's over six months since we've been in a row of any kind

He mixed himself a drink and looked enquiringly
his friend.

"No, thanks, old chap," said Jim, "not for me this tim
I am in a winning mood, and if you'll consent to sit he
alone and turn your mind to brighter thoughts over a qu
pipe I propose to return to the Papa Léon's establishme
and give fortune another chance. And as for dramat
happenings, you need not despair yet awhile. At 'She
herd's' to-day there was talk of a fanatical rising at Tanta
and as the annual fair and festival begin to-morrow a
the native troops in the neighbourhood are none too reliable
any sort of thing may occur. As you know, Yessell is on
too eager to have you in the gendarmerie, and will seize the
first opportunity to put your name before the board. There
fore, old pal, keep your pecker up, and bide events; I, mean
time, will pursue my immoral career at Léon's and strive to
get the better of those oily Greek pirates who play in black
spectacles."

"All right, Jimmy," said Kerr with a poor attempt at cheer
fulness. "Good luck be with you. Spoil the Egyptians
maybe, and if it will run to it we will make for Tantah.
half the battle to be on the spot at the critical moment."

* * *

His friend gone, the big man, having lit a carefully filled
pipe, spread his loose limbs in the long deck chair in the
verandah and gave himself up to his somewhat gloomy
thoughts. The night was now very still, a few lingering

(*Continued on page 928.*)

Sport in a Garden.

OOTING THAT REQUIRES NO ESTATE.

very man who possesses a garden he country can indulge, to a certain nt, a taste for a gun. Within and ve his own plot of land there are ays opportunities if only he is on look-out for them.

nd though sport in the garden is y intermittent, it is by no means out excitement.

man must, in a garden, as elsere, provide himself with a half-nea licence, which entitles him, in legal phraseology, "to carry a ies a gun also fires it at suitable cts, but it is silent on the point. n the event of your garden being ted by such high-class game as asants and partridges, you must of rse pay a guinea for your licence; ch is then extended to cover the ing of game.

ut the law's permission to carry a is sufficient if you wish merely to ot the rabbits, the rooks, and the eons, to say nothing of the many ller birds and vermin that may in- or frequent your premises. he first of these will give you most our sport. All day long, but prinlly in the early morning and the ning, rabbits will visit your lawns your vegetable gardens for the e of the change of diet they offer n the monotonous herbage outside. ender carrot tops are beloved of bits. They will also clean off the of all your stocks, just as they approaching the flowering stage. efore you are up in the morning will have found numerous ways your little paradise, in spite of carefully fixed wire-netting, and will have a glorious two hours o before the first to stir within the se sends them scuttling back to r hedges and woods.

is almost humorous to see rabbits ring in a garden, just as if they w that the household was fast ep. Only a door has to be opened window closed, or a bolt drawn, they are off back to their own ds.

is often possible to shoot these bers from a bedroom window. A ll a "toy" rifle, costing about 18s. 6d. even less, is a splendid weapon for den sport.

is handy, cheap, and easily kept an, and ammunition is cheap. oreover, such a rifle does not make remendous noise. A full-size gun oo big for garden use. It rather gests killing a fly with a hammer. you intend shooting rabbits early the morning you should acquaint other members of the household, erwise, when you shoot, they will rush in, thinking you have shot rself, or a burglar, only to find you ning out of the window in your arms.

During the day you will have merous opportunities of improving r shooting. Birds will come for r fruit, rooks and pigeons will fly uspectingly overhead, rats may he from the rubbish heap or the od-pile, and vermin of all sorts may n up.

Your little rifle can be used for shot tridge as well as for those with the single bullet. These shot cartridges, by the way, are admirable for getting rid of moles.

By watching these destructive pests in your flower-beds, humping up the earth as they burrow, you can generally hit on the exact spot where the mole is at work. Then—phut! The tiny shot penetrates the earth and in most cases kills outright. A search two inches below the surface will generally result in the finding of a dead mole.

Shooting moles is, I think, a new idea, but in gardens where they are numerous this method is much surer and more successful than setting traps in old runs.

The thing is to catch the moles making new runs, generally in the evening.

Remember in garden shooting that the law expects you not to discharge your gun when you are within 50 feet of a public highway. This is the minimum distance; so, find out the safety line, and then blaze away.

Neck-or-Nothing Jockeys.

A RETROSPECTIVE WORD IN THE FLAT-RACING SEASON.

There is no truer saying than that there are jockeys and jockeys—and to no branch of racing is this saying more applicable than to riding the steeplechases. Not only must the crack rider over the sticks be a jockey, in the sense of a tactician, but he must be a horseman as well.

An ordinary jockey knows what is required of him as far as the craft of race riding is concerned. The horseman, however, knows all this and much more besides. He has an intimate acquaintance with the horse he is riding, and a ready resource, a quick determination, and withal a more intense solicitude for the well-being of his mount than is characteristic, or even can reasonably be expected, of the flat-race rider.

It is at the "water-jump" that the steeplechase-rider's true worth is tested. At a wide water jump, you will see him drive his mount quicker than usual, to give him sufficient impetus to get over. Again, where there is a fence before the water, which there generally is, he will gallop his horse hard at it, even though the water be only moderately wide; but at the next fence, if it should be high and with no water or ditch, you will observe a different procedure. He will pull his mount together and take the jump with a greater degree of collectedness and caution.

The first example is known technically as "driving," and the second as "steadying"—which are recognised as perhaps the two most important points in really "finished" riding.

The experienced rider over a country knows the worth of the saying "Chance nothing." In a race he will give due care even to the most trivial looking obstacle. He fully realises that though that jump would be mere child's play to him on a fresh nag that had been well schooled, still, when a horse has galloped a mile or more over a difficult country, even a small fence will take a lot out of him.

Curious Misnomers.

THE ART OF CALLING THINGS WHAT THEY ARE NOT.

Many names in common use are rather interesting by reason of the fact that they are wrongly applied or in some cases curiously applied, and so they frequently leave an impression on the mind somewhat different from what the article denoted really is. Appended will be found a few of these curious misnomers.

KID GLOVES.

The material used in the manufacture of these gloves is seldom kid skin, but generally sheep skin. There is also the so-called "dog-skin" glove, which is really made from the skin of the Cape sheep.

NATIVE OYSTERS.

Strange to say, this is the name employed to denote oysters which are reared artificially. They are much superior to naturally-grown oysters.

SEALING WAX

contains absolutely no wax whatever, but is made up of a mixture of Orange Shellac, Venice turpentine and vermilion.

TURKISH BATHS.

These are neither Turkish nor are they baths. They are hot-air rooms for inducing perspiration.

WHALEBONE

is a horny substance—correctly called Baleen—which is found hanging in thin parallel plates from the roof of a whale's mouth. Baleen is not bone, but a substance of similar composition to horn.

THE BLINDWORM

is really a harmless lizard. Very small eyes are present, so that both parts of the common name are misnomers.

CATGUT,

the material used for violin, guitar and harp strings and other similar purposes, is commercially obtained, not from the small intestines of the cat, but from those of the sheep; and also, for the rougher purposes, from those of the horse.

INDIANS.

These are not natives of India, but of America. Of course, the natives of India are called Hindoos. Indians are the aborigines of the New World, so called from the original delusion of Columbus, who supposed that the land discovered by him was the India, and its inhabitants the Indians, of the Eastern Hemisphere. Hence these came later to be distinguished as East Indians, and the others as West or American Indians.

BLACKLEAD

is not lead at all, nor has it any connection with that mineral. It is a compound of iron and carbon.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

This is an inaccurate designation of the famous obelisk, for it was neither constructed by Cleopatra, nor was it in any way connected with her. It was erected by a Greek king.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

This vegetable has no connection with Jerusalem. The name Jerusalem is a misnomer for the Italian "girasole," a sunflower, and it was so-called on account of its resemblance to that flower.

"Down on Their Luck."

Continued from page 926.

noises, the throb of earthenware drums, and the reedy notes of flutes was borne to him from the adjacent native quarter, and now and again shrill cries or outbursts of strident laughter broke the subdued hum that ever announced the sleeplessness of this part of the great city.

He had sunk almost into somnolence when he was roused by the beat of rhythmed steps on the pavement below. The late comer pased beneath the verandah. Kerr, leaning over, interogated him.

"Murasleh, excellency," was the reply. "I have a chit for you from Yessell Pasha, who asks to see you at once."

The brief note, written in great haste, set forth that "ructions" had occurred in connection with the religious festival, and that there was growing excitement throughout the district. A special train was starting in half an hour for the scene of disturbances, and the Pasha would be glad to have Kerr accompany him.

* * * * * *

About three hours later the sun was already up. Dallas opened the flat door with his latch-key. His face was wreathed in smiles, and his every movement caused a jingling sound very soothing to the ear. An observer would have noticed that he walked with difficulty, his gait indeed somewhat resembling that of a deep-sea diver in professional costume. He had indeed been winning money. In his hands he carried a large handkerchief filled with coins. All his pockets were stuffed with gold, and he had his socks pulled up over his trousers, two strings round them at the ankles to make big pouches for a mass of silver dollars with which he was laden. M. Léon had offered him a cheque for his winnings, but the thoughts of Steen Kerr's joy at sight of the honest metal had caused him to decline the handier paper. He entered the dining room, and with great care not to disturb his friend with any noise, he spread his treasure on the table, where it made a truly brave show.

He entered the drawing-room, and with great care spread his treasure on the table.

Then he made for his friend's room, only to find pinned on the door Yessell's note to Kerr, across which the big man had scrawled a hurried line.

"Hurrah," he had written, "a chance at last. Follow on, old chap, as quick as you can."

The special, of course, had left long since, and in view of the untoward events in the disturbed district there was considerable dislocation in the ordinary train service. It was many hours, therefore, before Dallas reached Tantah. Already at the various stopping places at which his ill-found train had made its frequent halts, vague and contradictory rumours had been current as to the progress of the affray. That there had been conflict between the troops and the rioters, and that considerable loss of life had resulted, appeared to be certain, but beyond this none of Dallas's informants had been able to go.

Tantah Station he found to be an armed camp, with Yessell established in the telegraph office as headquarters, while the refreshment room had been converted into a field hospital. Barricades formed of bags of grain and bales of hay reinforced by sleepers and a few broken down trucks had made this place a haven of comparative safety, but beyond its confines pandemonium was in full blast.

In the distance, where the roar of many thousands of angry voices was repeatedly dominated by the rattle of musketry volleys, many buildings were aflame in different quarters of the town, while in the open space that lay between the railway and the tall mud gateway of Tantah surged a dense mob of blue-robed felaheen and black-gowned Bedouins, armed with bludgeons and long guns.

For some few minutes Dallas could make out nothing of what was in progress. Then he came upon Yessell seated on a coal truck, his field-glasses in one hand and a telephone receiver in another.

In reply to Dallas's eager enquiry for Kerr the Pasha pointed to the hospital.

"You will find him there," he said, "what's left of him."

A few moments later Dallas was kneeling by his friend's side.

Kerr slowly opened his eyes and a smile broke over his haggard face as he recognised his friend.

"Did you win, old man?" he murmured, and Dallas recognised, with sinking heart, that his win had been too late.

There are perhaps some people—but not many—who have more money than they know what to do with, and who want to get rid of some. Here are a few easy ways of doing it:

* * *

Go to a race meeting and make ten-pound-each-way bets with a seedy-looking peculiar who has taken the precaution of stationing himself close to the exit gates.

* * *

Back the bills of a public-house acquaintance with whiskers on his trousers, who is going to realise on some South African bonds in three months' time.

* * *

Try to make your stage debut under the guidance of some benevolent person who advertises for "amateurs, engagements guaranteed, London theatres only," etc.

"BARDIE" AND THE HIGHLANDER.

The Marquis of Tullibardine (affectionately known to his friends as "Bardie"), whose name is rightly written in letters of gold in the memories of all soldiers who fought in South Africa, is as enthusiastic a student of his country's language as he is of the science and art of war. His own knowledge of Gaelic is probably perfect, and this, coupled with his love for the seductive tongue, has sometimes led him into the error of expecting to find in others a knowledge of it, not approaching his own, but sufficient for practical purposes.

On one occasion, just after a hot fight, the Marquis came upon a huge, gaunt, brawny, typical Highlander, staggering under a load of firewood towards the bivouac. The man was obviously exhausted, and was bleeding from a slight wound.

Kindly and helpful as ever, the Marquis took on himself part of the soldier's burden, and, as they moved slowly forward, began to ask in Gaelic of his experiences and condition.

Getting no reply, he imagined that exhaustion was the cause and proffered his flask. But the Highlander only gaped at him open-mouthed, whereupon "Bardie," bewildered, cried out in English: "Why, man, where were you born?"

"Please, sir," said the brawny Highlander, with a marked Cockney accent, "I kim from 'Ounsditch!"

Bookmaker-Usurers.

HOW CUNNING PENCILLERS OUTWIT THE GAMING ACT.

It is the habit of most people to look upon the bookmaker as one into whose coffers money falls in a continual torrent, and to regard even the "smallest" of that fraternity as a man of considerable wealth. The general public is not prone to consider the disadvantages under which the penciller labours.

The bookmaker is—with the possible exception of the doctor—the business man who has to write off the greatest number of "bad debts." The reason why the doctor loses so much money is that, although it is not by any means unlawful, it is hardly considered "the thing" to sue for his bill. The bookmaker has an ever stronger reason. He knows full well that it is not of the slightest use putting legal machinery in motion to "recover;" because the debtor will at once seek the protection of the Gaming Act.

The law (whether it is, or is not, a "hass" need not be discussed here) takes no cognizance of betting obligations; but it is kind enough to enforce with drastic thoroughness the repayment of money lent. Therefore the astute bookmaker—let me emphasise, of the disreputable order—makes it his business to be a moneylender as well. Of course, the two branches of his business are kept carefully apart, and not the faintest hint is allowed to escape of their both being under the same proprietorship.

What happens is this: The bookmaker's client finds one day that he cannot rake up enough to pay his penciller, and tells him so. He asks for time to pay. "Sorry," says the bookie, "but I've had such a lot to pay out lately," etc., etc.; "that I really must have some ready. I'm calling in all I'm owed. And you must pay up, too." "I can't," says the debtor, "I haven't got the money." "That's simple," says the bookie. "Borrow it."

Probably the debtor is a man of no substance, to whom no *bona fide* moneylender would make a loan. He explains this; and the other then tells him, with an air of great benevolence, that *he* knows of a man who would lend the amount; aye, possibly a tenner or so more. The attraction of transforming his indebted condition to one of temporary possession, even of so small a sum as a tenner, is irresistible to the typical betting man. He rushes off to the moneylender recommended. He owes the bookie, say, thirty-five or forty pounds. He asks for a loan of fifty; and he is astonished how readily the request is granted. Hardly a question is asked in such cases as to means; but the interest is always enormous.

After this it is all plain sailing for the bookie. He has been paid the actual betting debt out of his own money; but he has secured interest, amounting perhaps to 200 per cent., on it, which he could not have done in any other way.

When the bill comes due, County Courts, brokers, distraints, all manner of horrible instruments will be on his side. But how long is such an iniquitous state of affairs to last? It is high time that Parliament moved in the matter. Meanwhile this article has knocked in the first nail.

Personal Pars.

It Touched the Spot.

Mr. Joseph O'Mara was giving a concert to an Irish audience, and to them he sang "The West's Awake." No sooner had he finished than a man who was there with a companion, jumped up and made for the door.

"Where are you going?" cried his friend.

"Begora," was the answer, "I'm going to find a landlord."

"Sit down, ye fool," said the friend, "and hear him sing 'The Wearing o' the Green,' and then you'll be going out to find a lord lieutenant at least."

Definition of an A.D.C.

Lady Blake, wife of Sir Henry Blake, the well-known Colonial Governor, has a pretty wit, and is the author of the following definition of an aide-de-camp. "An A.D.C. is a footman without powdered hair, who gets half the wages of a butler, and never gives a month's notice."

Scene in Court.

Sir Edward Carson was conducting a case before a judge with whom he had already had more than one passage of arms, when the Judge stopped the case to point out a discrepancy between the evidence of two of Sir Edward's witnesses—one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a publican.

"Quite so, my lord," Sir Edward replied blandly, "yet another case of difference between Bench and Bar."

Consolation.

Mr. Justice Jelf, when Recorder of Shrewsbury, once had before him a prisoner who, when it came to a question of sentence, began shedding tears in the hope of softening the judicial heart.

"Have you ever been in prison?" asked Mr. Jelf, as he then was.

"Never, my lord, never," sobbed the man.

"Well, well, don't cry about it," said the Recorder, "I am going to send you there now."

"Pumping" Togo.

When Admiral Togo was studying at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, a fellow-student questioned him one day on a matter with which he was particularly well acquainted. He gave the information desired readily enough, so readily that a friend reproached him, saying:

"Why did you let —— pump you so easily?"

"Ah," said Togo, "I will own that the pump went easily enough; but, my friend, the water was useless."

"In the Habdomen."

General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O., tells this story: During the siege of Ladysmith an officer taking part in a sortie was hit in the leg, rolled over, and gave tongue to sentiments more profane than pious.

The colour-sergeant of his company rushed to his assistance and began feeling for the wound in the neighbourhood of the sufferer's waist-belt.

On being somewhat sharply corrected as to the locality of the wound, the non-com. made this deathless reply:

"Beg parding, sir; from yer language I concluded you was 'it in the habdomen."

The Art of Marksmanship.

SOME FURTHER SHOOTING TIPS FOR TERRITORIALS.

Perhaps one of the greatest difficulties for the novice to overcome in rifle shooting lies in focussing the eye in aiming.

It is rather strange that the question is not taken up a little more widely, seeing how important it is.

Anyone with a knowledge of optics knows that simultaneously to focus one's eyesight on three objects at once, when they are at various distances away, and to obtain a clear definition of each object, is an impossibility.

And yet, because a man cannot clearly see at the same time the backsight and foresight of his rifle, and the object he is aiming at, he is apt to imagine his eyesight is faulty.

Now, as one of the three things must appear somewhat indistinctly while aiming, it is well to know how to use the eyesight to get the best possible result.

Proceed as follows:—

Place the rifle in the shoulder in the usual aiming position, and remember that the farther back your aiming eye is, the more clearly you will see.

Its ideal position is exactly as far behind the backsight as the foresight is in front.

If you experience difficulty in drawing your head so far back, there is something wrong with your position, and if you value your shooting reputation, persevere until you are able to put the eye in the proper place and still remain in comfort.

The tendency with the novice is to get the eye much too far forward, and to remedy this the body should be drawn a little farther forward, still keeping the elbows in their original position on the ground.

This will enable the firer to raise his right shoulder, his butt, and also his head, and as he makes the latter movement his head will naturally travel backwards.

When comfortably settled in position, look along the sights, and align them in the usual way near the bottom centre of the target.

Concentrate all your powers of vision on their correct alignment, then gradually raise the rifle until the foresight is just touching the bottom centre of the mark you wish to hit, but in the latter operation the eyesight must be focussed on the mark.

Then another close scrutiny of the sights, and back again to the mark, where the eyesight must remain focussed until the trigger is finally pressed.

Remember that to watch the target in aiming is best, and that the slightly less clear definition of the sights will cause much less inaccuracy then would be the case if one acted contrary to this method. It is seemingly, perhaps, only a detail, but to the man who wishes to make the most of his powers, latent or otherwise, it means much.

OLD GENTLEMAN (emerging from Saloon Bar): "Can you tell me, m' good man, whether that's the shun or the moon shining?"

NAVVY (from the "Public"): "Can't shay, shir, I'm a stranger to these parts."

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

18.—IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

I have been trying to decide in my own mind what was the most hazardous and reckless achievement in all my long career of crime and fraud. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the place of honour belongs to the exploit which landed me, for a few triumphant moments. in the bridal chamber of Mrs. Pulteney Carr—barely three minutes in advance of Mr. Pulteney Carr, to whom most certainly belonged the right of prior entrance. I had only just those precious moments in hand in which to do all I did do—which was all I wanted to do.

If you want to make it out that I was indebted in the first instance, and therefore all through, to the stroke of luck that threw me in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney Carr on the morning, and the occasion, of their marriage, I demur. For what is luck? Luck is an intelligent appreciation of opportunity. Better that definition if you can.

AN ANXIOUS-LOOKING YOUNG MAN.

If I admit that the meeting is to be attributed to fate, I don't admit much—and decidedly I can't admit more; for though it may be said that the meeting made the opportunity possible, it cannot be said that it made the opportunity. I did that, "all out of my head"; and as soon as I clearly discerned the opportunity my native inventiveness had suggested, I "intelligently appreciated" its possibilities.

Soon after breakfast one beautiful July morning I was strolling down a quiet street in a quiet part of Hampstead, near the famous Heath. At the quieter end of this quiet street stood a grey old church, from the porch of which, as I was in the act of passing, an anxious looking young man advanced as though to stop me. With an engaging but embarrassed air, he halted and addressed me.

"I really don't know how to apologise," he began. "I don't know how to ask you to pardon me for taking such a liberty as stopping you like this—but are you in a hurry, sir?"

A DEUCE OF A FIX.

"Not in the least," I assured him pleasantly. He was a well-dressed, well-set-up young fellow, whose appearance I liked. In fact, I found myself feeling quite interested in wondering what was up.

"Well, then, sir, may I ask you to do me a very great favour? To come to the point at once, I am about to be married. The lady is already inside, with her mother. There's nobody else—excepting myself, of course. For reasons with which there's no need to trouble you, the affair has been kept very quiet. I've even sent the carriage round the corner. After the ceremony we shall drive straight from here to the station, dropping my mother-in-law at her home on the way. But here's my fix—the only other person who was to have been present—to give away the bride"—he had now become very nervous, and spoke more nervously than ever—"to give away the bride, you know—hasn't turned up. Confound him!"

"Certainly," I acquiesced politely. "By all means."

"Well, now, I don't know whether any giving-away is legally necessary; but it doesn't make any difference whether it is or is not, because nothing would convince my young lady's mother that the formality is one that might be dispensed with."

IN MY NEW CHARACTER.

"Won't the pew-opener, or the verger, or whatever they call him—why won't he do?" I suggested.

"Because he isn't here. Except ourselves, there's nobody about but a snuffy old woman, dusting the seats—and, of course, the clergyman. I don't mean she's dusting the clergyman as well as the seats. I really believe he's waiting at the altar by this time. Now, my dear sir, if you really would . . You see the hole I'm in . . .You don't know how grateful I shall be to you if you will go through this form of giving the bride away. Will you?"

"Certainly"—and together we at once entered the church, the excited bridegroom murmuring his thanks all the way up the aisle.

As the brief service proceeded, I took careful note of the pretty little bride and her aristocratic old mother—as I habitually did of almost everybody with whom I came in contact. The former was dressed as quietly as the latter, and as richly, but not more so. There could be no mistake about it that my three companions at the chancel rails all belonged to the same good class. As I moved to the bride's side to respond to the clergyman's demand "Who gives this woman to be married to this man?" I observed particularly that the little jewellery she wore was in perfect taste and of costly value. Such a woman was sure to have plenty more of the same sort.

A TENTATIVE ENQUIRY.

In outline, I sketched out at the very moment that this reflection occurred to me a daring plan to possess myself, if not of all she had, of probably all that she was likely to take with her on the honeymoon.

In the vestry, the mother gave me a queenly shake of the hand, and remarked, in smooth, round tones: "So you are Mr. Reggie Fortescue?" Of course, I tumbled at once that that was the name of the absentee, and I gave the newly-made husband a reassuring glance as I answered: "Yes, madam—and most proud to meet you on this happy occasion."

She signed the register as "Eliza Bann, widow, Heath View, Hampstead"; her daughter as "Mary Eliza Bann"; her son-in-law as "Pulteney Carr"; and I as "Reginald Fortescue"; observing immediately afterwards that as I supposed I might regard myself as best man, having already distinguished myself in another capacity, I would go and see whether the carriage was outside.

There it was in waiting—quite obviously no hired affair, but Mrs. Bann's private turn-out. As the patriarchal coachman touched his cockaded hat to me, I said casually:

"So the happy couple are off to . . .

"Folkestone, sir—the Lees Hotel," he returned, giving me just the information I wanted.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

I caught an afternoon train, and as I entered my name in the visitors' book at the Lees I read, six lines above, "Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney Carr, No. 14." The number allotted to me was 22, on the same landing. No. 14 was open as I passed it, a chambermaid being inside. I mistook it for my own room, and entered—in order to take a mental photograph of its furniture and fittings, and their exact arrangement. It doesn't require many seconds to fix such a photograph on a retentive memory.

We met at dinner, sitting at the same table. They were almost as much surprised to see me as I appeared to be to see them. I had meant them to be surprised. That was why I asked the coachman where they were going instead of asking them.

They were both glad of my company—relieved to have somebody to talk to in a more or less free-and-easy manner. Like all honeymoon couples, they were shy and self-conscious—thought everybody was looking at them, and quizzing them for what they were. Their grotesque and transparent endeavours (I had been watching them before I let them see me) to pass themselves off as an old married pair who were quite used to it all, and in fact were beginning to feel a little tired of each other, had of course excited the attention they were idiotically designed to avert, but in the lively chat into which I led the love-stricken turtle-doves they were able to throw off their embarrassment, and to behave more naturally and less irrationally. I explained that I was crossing to Boulogne next day.

POSTAL FINESSE.

Dinner over, I left them to themselves again; I had a few arrangements to attend to by myself.

In the first place, I bought a little box of thin wood and suitable size, well within the Post Office dimensional limitations for a letter; and a large sheet of very soft blotting-paper, with a sheet of plain white paper in which to wrap the box. Stamps I shouldn't need; because, as I should be too late for registration, I should post my box-letter unstamped. To post a letter unstamped makes it almost as sure of delivery as registration does—in fact, in one respect the unstamped letter has an advantage. Every official who handles a registered letter assumes that its contents are valuable and probably worth stealing, but nobody thinks that of an unstamped one, so it doesn't present the same

aptation. But at the same time there are fees collectable it, and everybody is careful of it on their account. hen it comes to delivery, the postman responsible for the ymen of double-postage isn't going to lose, or to lose ad touch with, any missive blue-pencilled so much until he's got the money and his risk is over.

In putting you up to a wrinkle that may come in useful you one of these days.

them several times on the West Cliff during the sicians, staying awhile at each; they they went on pier; before ten o'clock they returned to the Lees Hotel. followed them. Almost without intermission, I kept my them until the moment when she blushingly left his ascend to No. 14. I even managed to overhear a of their conversation, especially at the last. He said would smoke a cigarette, and then join her. Very tily she insisted on his smoking two—evidently calculing on ten minutes for each.

JNNING THE RISK.

entered the smoking room just after him. He joined conversation with me, trying to do so unconcernedly. the instant he lit his second cigarette I left him.

over the door of No. 14—"my lady's chamber"—was a ght. Watching it from the dusky landing, I saw the go down. She had lowered the gas to a glimmer. ealthily, silently, I opened that door. Shielded by it, without advancing further, I peered intently inside.

"Mr. Pulteney!" remonstrated a soft, sweet, agitated how soon you have come."

the muffled sound of the words I knew that she ding her face, burying her head. I could get on the risky but brief job I had taken in hand—I need not with a hasty apology for having opened the door of room by mistake.

already made out her jewel case—lying, open, I had expected to see it: on the dressing table. it glittered watch and chain.

literally not a second to lose, for literally at any Pulteney might come.

OOFED!

the light was extinguished instead of raised. ear could have heard no sound as I lifted watch and rifled the open case of jewelled hair-pins, brooch, necklace, and bracelets, and then closed the if any slightest sound there were I covered it by purposeful movement of my feet. I had thought it this to empty the case, in preference to taking it absence Pulteney might have noticed.

whisper, so low and guarded that I had little fear voice betraying me, I murmured that I could not matches—would be back directly.

turned the corner to shoot into No. 22, I heard the steps of the bridegroom approaching No. 14. They lted. I heard him turn the handle of the door.

Within a few minutes I had wrapped every article separately, packed them all neatly, tied the box securely, and addressed it to myself, in London. Then I took it out and posted it. If it came to a question of searching, let me be searched first.

FULL PARTICULARS."

This might have happened differently—I am only concerned with how they did happen. The theft was discovered in the middle of the night or the small hours of the morning. Police and detectives were in the house first thing next day. I only waited long enough to receive at the head Post Office—Folkestone immediately afterwards, though the route I took, making its several delays as pleasant as possible, kept me land me much before nightfall in "dear old London again.

My landlady had paid the double-postage for me on my unstamped "letter," the contents of which proved on closer examination to exceed in value my hasty appraisement of the night before.

What telegram did I mean just now? Why, the message I sent to dear old Mrs. Bann. It read: "Bedroom robbed during night. Have left hotel in consequence. Please wire twenty pounds to Post Office, Folkestone.—Pulteney."

The "full particulars" for which she asked in remitting the money I have no doubt were communicated to her by —so far as they were known to the communicators.

[Another of these revelations will appear next week.—Editor.]

The Backbone of the British Army.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Successfully to deal with the hundreds of men in a regiment is no light task, and there is no doubt that they require much more careful handling than men do in civilian life. The standard of discipline is much higher, and requires endless tact to be kept up. Not that the soldier is unruly or restless, for obedience in a soldier is really a part of himself, a fact which goes to prove how highly efficient in their delicate duties are those responsible for the maintenance of discipline.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

The men on whom most of the responsibility rests are, without doubt, the sergeants. Deservedly have they been dubbed the "backbone of the Army."

The "heads" manufacture regulations, sign documents, and act as figureheads generally, but it is on the shoulders of the hard-working sergeant that the brunt of the work falls.

A more efficient, trustworthy, painstaking, and enthusiastic worker it would be hard to find. The sergeant is the company officer's right-hand man, and without him the Army would be an Army no longer. It would soon deteriorate into something like a mob, and discipline as it exists to-day would suffer considerably.

Watch the young subaltern on parade with his company during his first few months of service. Time after time he finds himself in a quandary, not knowing what word of command to give nor when to give it, or, if he knows, he often seems temporarily to be afflicted with loss of memory.

HIS VARIED EXPERIENCES.

His gaze wanders until it rests appealingly on the face of the nearest sergeant, who requires less than half a hint to extend the information the sub. is so badly in need of.

The sergeant is a friend to the private and the captain alike. He acts as a go-between in the matter of grievances, requests or complaints. At "orderly room" his services are indispensable. Hundreds of company officers could testify to the helplessness they would feel if deprived of the services of their colour-sergeants.

He is the man to whom the officers go when confronted with any difficulty, big or small. He knows every man in his company and can read them like a book. He must mother them, patch up their quarrels, adjust their grievances, and, as one of them once said, "act as wet nurse" generally. Only serious cases reach the company officer.

His varied experiences of men of all kinds stands him in good stead, and he always has a pet method of dealing with the different types.

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

He is verily the backbone of the Army, for he keeps the machinery running smoothly with his wonderful tact and commanding ways.

He knows how to extract the last ounce out of a man without offending him, and it is a source of humour to hear him appealing to a slacker's sense of shame, a procedure which generally results favourably. If, however, it fails, a few sharp words of reproof are sufficient to bring a man to his senses, and make him feel that he is doing the sergeant an enormous injury in letting things slide and failing to take pains in his work.

He manages the men in a way that is really wonderful. No one but a sergeant in the Army would succeed, where he takes it quite as a matter of course, and succeeds also as a matter of course.

The captain leads in the field—that is, places himself in front of the company, and shouts "Come on!" or something to that effect. But the sergeant is the man who inspires and really leads the men. What he does, the men do, and it is to him they look for instructions and encouragement and guidance.

Two officers are indulging in mild argument over some technical point, and in the middle of it one calls out, "Here, sergeant, is so-and-so so-and-so, etc.?" and they seem to feel that in the words which are to follow is contained a verdict that cannot be argued upon.

The sergeant gives his opinon, and that settles matters. Note the look of pleasure on the face of the officer whose opinion tallied with that of the sergeant!

To the Army he is invaluable, and it has rightly been said that he is the finest N.C.O. in the world.

My Note Book.

DUTY RESUMED.

The temporary omission of my Editorial Notes has evoked such a storm of protest from readers of *Modern Man*, that I should have resumed them even against my inclination, which, however, is very far from being the case. It is, indeed, with the greatest of pleasure that I again take up this most pleasant of occupations.

* * *

NEW FEATURES.

A glance through this number will have shown you several important changes in your favourite paper. "Plain Speaking" is a feature which, I am sure, will be welcomed by all. It is just the thing you've been waiting for. Nor have I forgotten the wives and sisters of my masculine readers. It has been in my mind for some time past that they also should be catered for, and now I have provided you with a card you can safely play if you want to keep in their good graces. Show them "The Modern Woman" section of your paper, and the trick is won.

I want my readers to make *Modern Man* their own paper in the very widest sense. I want them not only to read it, but also to make use of it as a medium of information in personal and particular matters. I shall be very pleased to answer in these columns any questions of general interest that may be put to me, and to give the very best advice of which I am capable in matters of delicacy and difficulty.

If, again, you've any items of interest you'd like to have dealt with in these pages, just communicate them to me and they shall be utilised. You will thus have the satisfaction of knowing that you yourself have a hand in amusing or instructing your fellow readers. Let *Modern Man* be in every way *the* paper for modern men.

* * *

LETTERS THAT CHEER.

"Why have you deserted us?" writes one of my correspondents. "In other words, why is your 'chat' missing now-a-days? I think it a great pity, because, to my mind, that is the feature which instils the 'look-upon-me-as-your-pal' spirit into your paper." Very neatly and very truly put. And my appreciative correspondent is pleased, of course, to see that the feature he so much admires has been resumed after a very temporary suspension.

Here is another most encouraging letter—from a lady this time: "My husband and myself enjoy your paper very much. I find it quite refreshing to read, as compared with some of the stuff served up in the so-called 'home' journals. I should not hesitate to put it into my son's hands—if I had one; and that is the best compliment you can get from an 'old-fashioned woman.'" I could not possibly desire a better; and I've no doubt that my lady correspondent, who has derived so much pleasure from this paper, even though it has contained no distinctively feminine feature, will like it all the more now that it presents "The Modern Woman" to her notice.

Mr. Patrick Corr, of 52, Richardson Street, Ravenhill Road, Belfast, sends me the following very gratifying acknowledgment: "I beg to say I received safely the bicycle awarded me in your seventh 'centres' competition. It is a splendid machine, and well worth winning." A testimonial like that should afford every inducement to my readers to enter future competitions, and I can scarcely doubt that it will.

* * *

A WELCOME SUGGESTION.

Mr. A. W. Brockhunt, of Eastbourne, who sets an example for other readers to follow by sending me a photo of himself, which shows him to be a smart, intelligent looking, well-set-up young fellow, is another correspondent of the sort I like.

"I am writing," he says, "to inform you that the *Modern Man* cigarettes are now obtainable in Eastbourne, at Messrs. Hudsons' of Compton Street, thanks to the efforts of two of our local members, and are selling well.

"Recently I was talking to them about the *M.M.*, and we thought it would be a very good thing if we could get a badge suitable for sewing on to a swimming or running costume.

"When one thinks of the possibilities, they are great. The badge need not be more than an inch or an inch-and-a-half square, and it might be of black material, with a [illegible] or silver horse and man, so that it could be easily sewn [illegible] the hat band or cricket shirt, or could be shown in various other ways.

"I expect some members would want three or [illegible] because, if they go in for several different sports, [illegible] like a badge for each. The Eastbourne Swimming [illegible] have one for which they charge sixpence. Perhaps [illegible] could do something in the matter."

Now, this is a matter on which I should like a good expression of opinion from my readers. Personally, I am in favour of Mr. Brockhunt's suggestion, but I want the readers of *Modern Man* to have a deciding voice in the conduct of their paper and of all that appertains to it. I ask them, therefore, to let me know what they think of the above suggestion. I shall be entirely guided in my own action in the matter by the preponderating opinion.

* * *

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

All the way from Canada comes the following letter, sent by W.H.D.: "I have been a reader of *Modern Man* since the sixth number, and I can honestly say it is the best paper [illegible] a *man*. I have been out here in Canada [illegible] years, but have not done very well. I was out here [illegible] months when I took typhoid fever, which kept me [illegible] work more than six months, and I have just [illegible] work four months on account of slackness of trade. Of course, it is no use being downhearted.

"Any other *M.M.* readers coming out here should come out in the spring or early summer. Of course there is plenty of work then, but it is pretty bad in winter. Hundreds are then out of employment, and although I can stand as well as with any man, it is no fun to be out of work with 30 degrees below zero weather, and trying to find a meal.

"I don't think I could advise anyone to come out here. It is a hard country, and although the money is more than you get in England, it does not go nearly so far. If a man has a good regular job at home, he had better stay there. There are exceptions, I will admit, but [illegible] generally.

"Although I do not know you personally, I know you through your Note Book. I have very few friends either in England or Canada, and I hope you will permit me to write to you occasionally."

I need hardly say I shall be delighted to hear from my emigrant correspondent when and as often as he can write to me so practically and interestingly, and I wish him all the luck imaginable.

* * *

THE ONE THING NEEDED.

There is one most important thing that should be done by intending emigrants, to [illegible] and elsewhere—and also by those who do not intend to emigrate, for the matter of [illegible] In these highly competitive days, if you want to secure a remunerative and progressive berth you must fit yourself thoroughly for it. There is no better way of doing this—no other way, indeed, so good—than by getting in touch with the International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., Clifford's Inn, London, W.C. The educational methods which characterise this remarkable institution are as unique as they are efficient as they are unique.

For instance, suppose you want to make your way in the world by identifying yourself with the rapidly growing commercial activities of South America. To do this, you must know Spanish. How are you going to learn it? The old-fashioned long-drawn-out way, of course. But the I.C.S. method beats it hollow. You learn by phonograph. The lessons are recorded on the cylinders, the pronunciation being perfect and the articulation absolutely clear. You can thus hear the same successions of words again and again and repeat them until you feel tolerably sure you have mastered the pronunciation yourself. Then, on the cylinders duly provided, you make records of what you have learnt, and these are submitted to the I.C.S. [illegible] experts, who return them to you with what [illegible] may be necessary. You thus can make far more [illegible] the course of a single evening, and in the privacy of your own home, than by a dozen successive attendances [illegible] And the I.C.S. methods of imparting knowledge in a hundred-and-one other matters, are equally [illegible] effective.

YOUR [illegible]

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Because of this master knowledge that *makes* money, the I.C.S. student *is paid* "good money." Following is an actual instance :—

"Since writing you in March of this year, informing you of my having received an increase in my wages, it again gives me great pleasure to inform you that I have received another increase in my present wages. I have found my Course a splendid investment financially, and no one can really estimate the limit of the return which may come through the training of your Schools."—THOMAS ROY, Coatbridge.

For over 21 years the International Correspondence Schools have trained men *for* their work while *at* their work, and for other occupations they may desire to enter.

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Rapid Physical Development.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Here is a good leg-developer. Stand firmly on the right foot, with the left leg bent, so that the left knee is pressed against the right.

Now sink down, bending the right leg until you can touch the right heel with the left knee. Return to your first position, and repeat, say, eight times, or until you feel tired. Then perform the same exercise standing on the left leg.

A dumb-bell or anything between 10lbs. and 50lbs. may with advantage be held in each hand while doing the exercise, but I fancy that at first you will probably find it hard enough to do without making it more difficult, and that you are likely to find yourself toppling over, which reminds me that this is not only a capital exercise for the legs, but will help to improve your sense of balance.

A WARNING.

By the way, I must warn you that if your heart is not absolutely sound you should practise this and other leg exercises only with great care and under medical advice. The leg muscles are the largest in the whole body, and in attempting to develop them considerable strain is involved, which might be most injurious to anyone whose heart is at all weak or disordered.

A JUMPING TRICK.

Here is a jumping trick which is not only first-rate exercise for the arm, leg, and back muscles, but amusing, at least to the onlookers.

Take a walking stick and, bending down, hold it with both hands, arms extended, across the knees. Now, keeping the feet together, try to jump over the stick and through the loop formed by it and your arms.

It takes some doing, and it is advisable to practise on something soft.

GREY HAIR.

Prematurely grey hair is a pretty serious misfortune to the man who has to earn his living. His friends may know that he is not so old as he looks, but employers are not going to bother about that. They generally go by appearances, or if they know the greyness is premature they are apt to regard it as a sign as physical weakness, or of bad habits. Not without reason. Premature greyness is often due to excess in one form or another, and is often a symptom of an enfeebled constitution.

Still, there are innocent causes of premature greyness. Shock, for instance, will do it. There is an eminent black and white artist, still a young man, whose once raven locks turned not grey, but white, in a single night, as the result of the shock of his father's death.

Neuralgia will often make the hair turn prematurely grey. Constant perspiration of the scalp will also do it, hence the importance of keeping a cool head in the literal sense.

Gouty and rheumatic subjects are peculiarly liable to premature greyness, the explanation of this phenomenon being that the superabundant lime in their bodies causes obstruction to the colouring matter of the hair. Neglecting to brush the hair regularly and thoroughly with a hard brush, anointing it with grease, frequent washing in hot water—cold water is beneficial to the hair—all tend to make it turn grey before its proper time.

When the greyness is due to anæmia or exhaustion, the system must be built up by open-air exercise, plain nourishing food, freedom from worry and iron and quinine tonics.

There is one drug that has any real effect in checking premature greyness. This is the hydrochlorate of pilocarpine, an extract from the leaves of a South American plant.

The following prescription may be safely recommended:

Pilocarp hydrochlor, 6 grains.
Spl. vin, rect., 6 drachms.
Tinct. fuborandi, 1 ounce.
Glycerine, 2 drachms.
Aqua rosæ, 8 ounces.

Rub well into the scalp every night, and persevere with the treatment for at least six weeks.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS

M. D. N. (Portsmouth).—Sound Bordeaux is a ... to drink with meals, and may be mixed with water ... spoiling it. It is as well to remember that red wine ... astringent, and therefore you should take plenty of fr... fruit and vegetables.

"CLEEK" (Chepstow).—I don't believe in special ... ing for golf. A golfer wants to live well, and to be if ... thing a "bit above" himself when playing in a big match ... otherwise he is apt to develop "nerves," which is fatal.

B. J. (Bristol).—Before making a dive breathe in and o... quickly, then take a few slow deep breaths, and finally ... the moment of diving take a long, deep breath, and reta... this. When diving in order to start for a race, draw ... your legs the moment your face emerges, so that you ca... strike off at once, your arms already being in position.

"FRANK" (Liverpool).—Tom Sayers had tremendo... back muscles, which were abnormally developed when ... was following his trade of bricklayer. He was born ... Brighton on May 25th, 1826, and both his father and moth... were Sussex born and bred.

C. T. (Edinburgh).—Measurements very good.

T. M. R. (Dundee).—The exact distance of the London ... Brighton walk is 52½ miles, measured from the Westminst... Clock Tower to the Aquarium, Brighton.

"AMBITIOUS" (Uxbridge).—Throwing a large ball abo... is a capital arm and shoulder loosening exercise for boxer... Sam Langford uses one about four times the ... of ... Association football.

"PAT" (Liverpool).—The worst of foot-pow... they are apt to cake when the foot gets hot. A ... mentioned, pure Russian tallow is the best ... the feet on a walking tour.

C. D. (Berkhampstead).—Treat a sprain by th... application of a bandage soaked in cold water ... applied round the joint.

"TENDERFOOT" (Golders Green). ... tender, sweaty feet by bathing them in hot water ... been going the wrong way about to effect a cure. Cold ... is the remedy. Bathe the feet, one at a time, in cold ... night and morning, washing well between the ... allowing them to remain in about half a minute. ... thoroughly, especially between the toes. A little ... fluid may with advantage be put in the water, and ... when dry, may be powdered with equal parts of ... and boracic acid. Socks should be changed frequently.

"FRED" (Sowerby Bridge).—It doesn't matter ... and strong you may be, you will, if you enlist in ... have to go through a course of physical training ... days of four hours each.

K. C. (Bath).—It is not advisable to do physical ... after 10.30 p.m., and at least half an hour, preferably ... hour, should be allowed to elapse between exercise ... going to bed.

A. P. D. (Dover).—Try sipping water to increase ... weight. Begin with two glasses or one pint a day, and ... up to two pints. The water must be taken slowly ... sips, about half a wineglassful at a time. Massage ... with olive oil, eat salad with plenty of olive oil, and ... cocoa instead of tea or coffee.

(Queries relating to Physical Culture, addressed to the Editor, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C., will receive prompt attention.)

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Man Behind, Woman in Front.

EVERYDAY CARES OF THE COUNTERMAN.

SCATHING ARTICLE BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

A brief paragraph in the *Modern Man* a few weeks ago arrested my attention. It had reference to the treatment of shop assistants by the average customer. Being a shopman myself, I thought it hit the right nail on the head, and I hoped it might catch the eye of some of those people who, when they enter a shop, are never certain of the exact thing they require, and are determined to give as much trouble as they possibly can.

And women are the worst offenders!

To serve behind a counter in the West End, for a period of, say, six weeks, will effectually shatter any illusions one ever cherished with reference to kindness and consideration on the part of the gentler sex. At the end of that time one can generally sum them up for what the majority are—selfish, rude, inconsistent, and, above all, inconsiderate.

Possibly these women would argue: "But what on earth is the man here for, if not to attend to our wants? Give him as much trouble as you can—he's paid for it! Paid for it! He is. Sufficiently sometimes; in most things though, it is otherwise. Yet he stands on his aching legs from morning till night, with generally a pleasant smile on his face, and always ready to do his utmost to suit any chance person who at the outset has treated him as a human being.

As often as not, his lunch is totally out of proportion to his needs. Simply because he has to present a good appearance, and to do this and live well upon—say, thirty shillings a week, is impossible. Hence his body and brain suffer, and the effect is that he keeps in the rut and continues to allow people to use him as a kind of door-mat! Poor fellow! He may often be weedy in appearance, and, when away from business, favour a "doggy" suit, with tie and hat to match, that present the colours of the rainbow; but he should be pitied, not blamed.

It is these "aristocrats" of Suburbia who are so often intent on showing themselves to a disadvantage when shopping. They behave in a manner that no lady would dream of adopting. They imagine that the more they "show off" the better attention they get, but it is not so. If they could hear the remarks made by the harried shopmen after they have made their final exit (shrieking instructions all the way to the door!) they would probably not feel quite so pleased with themselves!

For a period I acted as salesman at the fountain pen counter in a large West End stores, and here had an excellent chance of studying woman at her worst!

An American girl would stroll in and drawl through her gum—

"Say, do you carry the 'Gymcrack' Fountain Pen? What, you don't? I thought this was a first-class store. Wa'al, I guess I'll look at a 'Thrush.' What's the rock bottom price of this? What's that in dollars? Three? I guess I'll have a cheaper one. Trot 'em out! This isn't a stub nib. I told you a stub. Weren't you listen'n'? Put a move on you—I want to catch the boat train at ha'af past four!"

She tries about thirty pens, the nibs of which she says don't suit her handwriting, and at last chooses a guinea one, but eventually departs without it, because you cannot allow her a discount. "Five dollars for *that*. Why, I can get it on the Broadway for three. Not the same? Maybe so, but I guess I'll wait and have a try."

Next clean the pens she has used and put them away, wondering how it is that American women can be so full of the "pernicious activity" of their native land.

Enter dear old Mrs. Something-or-other from Upper Tooting. You know her well, for she is a frequent visitor with a pen given her by her nephew last Christmas, which she resolutely refuses to believe requires filling occasionally. She places upon the counter a large reticule, two or three brown paper parcels, and an aforesaid umbrella, and gropes in the first for her spectacles, which, after some time, she finds in a chatelaine case on her belt. Several customers have followed her in, and they wait—more or less patiently.

"Now, I have here my pen, which is leaking again very badly. Do you know, I'm afraid really I shall never be able to recommend this make—or your firm either—for letting me such an unsatisfactory thing. Now look at it! Every time I shake it so, the ink falls out!"

You deferentially venture to suggest that it is unnecessary, for writing purposes, to shake it at all, and in return you get a long dissertation on a pen possessed by a distant relation, which has every virtue under the sun.

When you see it will be impossible to get rid of her unless you promise to do something (though the pen is in perfect working order), you ask her to leave it, saying you understand perfectly what is wrong, and will have it adjusted. Will she call in a day or two? She departs, perfectly satisfied for the time being, and will probably purchase a new filler you introduce to her notice.

A lady (!) who used to pass the place nearly every other day, and ask me to fill her pen, which was of a make for which we were principal agents, demanded my name when I at last one day charged her a few pence for filling and cleaning, which I was quite entitled to do. She reported me to the manager—fortunately for me a very decent sort of fellow, and I believe she even went as far as to demand a personal interview with him, at which she was severely snubbed! For once the shoppy scored; but had the manager been of a different disposition, there would probably have been another poor devil scanning the advertisement columns in the daily papers.

I have been in Paris, where the women shoppers are totally different in their behaviour to the assistants—being perfectly courteous and polite, and at the same time generally knowing exactly what they require, and the price they wish to pay for it.

The candidate for a vacant post behind the counter must have no pride. If he does happen to possess any, it will be stamped out of him pretty soon. Nor must he be above telling a score or so of "white" lies every day (alas! this is absolutely imperative if he wishes to retain his position). He must always be ready to grovel in the dust when occasion requires—which it very often does; and must be a walking (or standing!) directory of London streets, and an encyclopædia of general information for the benefit of strangers and foreigners, as well as a time-table for local trains and 'buses. Above all, he must never dream of "answering back"—no matter how insolently he has been addressed.

With these and other necessary qualifications, he may succeed in keeping his post for a few years—until a younger man steps in!

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HANDKERCHIEFS

Regimental Ups and Downs.

By "CHINSTRAP."

"A yard or two of stuff by Friday, 'Chinstrap,'" runs the editorial command, and for once in a way I am hard up for a subject.

Something in the papers, however, about a certain regiment reminds me that, like schools, regiments have their good and bad times, and go up and down in a manner that is puzzling even to an inside observer. When I first met this regiment they were a "happy family," and as smart as you make 'em. When I next met them, a bare two years later, they had gone to rack and ruin.

The mess was divided into cliques. The night I dined with them the C.O. and the second in command had a violent row across the table, which ended in the latter leaving the room under arrest.

A few months later there was a scandal which ended in the regiment being put on a black list, from which it appears they are now to be removed. What wrought this transformation? What makes a good regiment go to the bad, a bad one reform itself?

It is usually the personality of one man, and he need not necessarily be a senior.

In the case the fons et origo of the trouble was a junior captain brought in from the other battalion. True, the C.O. was not a strong man, but things would probably have gone on all right but for the advent of the junior.

I don't profess to know how he did it, but by all accounts he had an unholy knack of spreading dissension.

He secured the support of the unsteady youngsters by encouraging them to drink and gamble and to defy authority. This secretly, for ostensibly he was on the seniors' side, though busily engaged in setting them by the ears by telling them to be against each other.

In the same way he spread dissension and distrust among the non-coms. and men.

Anyway, he ruined what had been a fine corps, and yet without laying himself open to any definite charge.

One really bad man can corrupt a whole regiment. The result in this case was that several officers had to resign, and a new colonel was brought in from another corps. He was a good and tactful man—he had to be—but it took him the whole of his five years to bring the regiment back to a semblance of its former self, and even then his work was far from finished.

Then I have known a knot of subalterns play the deuce with a regiment, for it is often the subalterns that set the tone—the older men having grown slack or indifferent.

In this instance these subalterns joined in a bunch. They were not nice boys. They were typical crammer's pups, on whom Sandhurst had had no chastening influence, for, as ill-luck would have it, they were in the same company and stuck together. The other officers were not bad fellows, but they were weak, and before long the regiment was "run" by these three performers, greatly to its detriment. If I were to mention names, you would know all about and remember the scandal in which these young cads incolved the corps and brought its honoured name down into the mire.

In my own corps we once suffered from the terrible trinity of a weak colonel, a weak adjutant, and an incompetent sergeant-major. This is why my old regiment's colours, which have some of the world's greatest battles inscribed upon them, bear no mention of South Africa.

A bad woman, equally with a bad man, may have a fatal influence on a regiment, and again she need not necessarily be the wife of a senior officer. Of course, if the C.O.'s wife is of a vicious or nagging disposition and he is under her thumb, the sooner that regiment goes out and hangs itself in detachments, the better for its peace of mind and the credit of the Service.

But the —th were a happy regiment until Lieûtenant ——— took unto himself a wife. She was a pretty, fluffy, innocent-looking thing, but evil all through, and that regiment went through the worst time it ever had until her husband blew his brains out.

Climate and surroundings have an important influence on a regiment's welfare.

There are some stations that are directly calculated to drive even a strong and abstemious man to drink and other devilry.

They are by no means confined to countries with pestilential climates. I know garrison towns in England which, in their appalling dreariness and monotony, the absence of any congenial society or opportunities of rational ment, are almost bound to send a regiment [illegible]

Regiments are more liable now to vicissitudes the old days, when every corps was, so to speak, tained, and an officer remained with his regiment retired or died.

But now officers are constantly being transferred one battalion to another, and so the continuity of mess and character is weakened, though, of course, this gives "unhappy" corps a better chance of getting some regenerating influence into it—a criticism which applies equally to the ranks, where, under the short service system, continually changing.

Anyway, regiments, in their ups and downs much like schools, and, just as in a scho rotters in a house, or a single unpopular master affect the whole, so one or two "King's bad bargains" wreck a regiment that was in every way a credit to Service.

BRIEF REPLIES.

R. M. T. (Portsmouth).—An Oxford undergraduate misbehaves himself is "sent 'down,'" i.e., expelled; but a Cambridge man in similar circumstances said to be "rusticated."

"MUSHROOM" (Colchester).—A sure test of a mushroom is to sprinkle a little salt on the fleshy gills. If the fungus turns yellow it is unfit for food; if it turns black it is wholesome. Poisonous fungi may usually be "spotted" by their unpleasant smell, but there are sweet-smelling ones that are deadly.

A. W. (Canterbury) accuses us of having a "down" on unqualified "dentists," and says there are good men among them. Of course there are, but unfortunately they are greatly outnumbered by rascally, incompetent quacks.

J. S. (Limerick).—An absentee without leave is dealt with in the same way as a deserter, and the reward for apprehension is the same, but a soldier is not usually posted as a deserter until he has been absent without leave for 21 days.

"CONSTANT READER" (Stratford). As previously explained in the *Modern Man* (how about your pseudonym?) the reason negro boxers shave their heads before a contest is that their hair is so stiff and wiry that a glancing blow in the hair would rip the scalp off.

P. L. (Glasgow).—A dog that refuses to [illegible] streets often does so simply because he is nervous or bewildered. The simplest cure is to keep him on a lead until he has grown accustomed to the traffic.

T. F. P. (City Road).—Delighted to see you any time except Wednesdays and Thursday mornings.

"ARTURO" (Chatham).—Caddies' fees vary from 1s. 6d. a round of 18 holes. If you retain a caddie all day you must give him 4d. or 6d. lunch money, and 4d. tea-money if you play a third round.

"MARK" (Plymouth).—Unfortunate Bury, who descended to the Second Division, have been in the First Division without a break since season 1[illegible]

A. R. M. (Shepherd's Bush).—Certainly dyspepsia. We are giving a short article on the [illegible] conveniently be dealt with in this column.

"SPUDS" (Upper Norwood).—A small hook is a good bait for bream and carp. It should be tied on a treble hook or "triangle."

C. T. K. (Nottingham).—Waldegrave is pronounced "Waulgrave;" Zouche, "Zoosh;" Meux, "Mewx," applied to the brewery, "Mews" as a name; Millbank, "Mack'elraith;" Hepburn, "Hebburn;" Llangattock, "Langatock;" Halkett, "Hackett;" Clerke, "Clark." No trouble at all. We simply exude knowledge when politely [illegible]

F. D. (Harrogate).—Your story is as [illegible] as your own famous waters. We can only [illegible] out to get something to remove the taste.

"PARTICULAR" (Cannon Street).—The [illegible] though Soho restaurateurs [illegible] perfectly good, but have been kept in the refrigerator for some time, and are apt to be tasteless. The Soho restaurateurs [illegible] will lay in a large supply of fowls when poultry is cheap, keeping a stock in hand against a rise in prices.

F. E. N. (Dover).—Even if the bookstall man [illegible] out of *Modern Man's* you were perhaps a little [illegible] asking whether he kept a news-stall or a home [illegible] and our sympathy with your black eye is somewhat warm.

G. S. (Croydon).—You are wrong. The right [illegible] the rent remain unpaid for 21 days clause has nothing with the payment of the rent, which legally must be within 24 hours of noon quarter-day.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

Dress for the Slender Woman.

The slender woman is, at the [illegible] person much envied by [illegible] plumper sisters, for she can [illegible] fashionable gowns [illegible] impossible upon anyone [illegible] not blessed with a slim and [illegible] figure.

But even the most willowy woman must take care in the choice of her gowns, for if she wears the wrong thing her slenderness is apt to appear as unromantic thinness, and she may give an impression of scragginess which is far from [illegible].

Slender people may be divided into two classes: The little woman, the woman of medium height, and the very tall. The last-named is most difficult to dress, but the others also need to select their gowns with a view to giving themselves additional height and dignity.

All that woman should always avoid is both of trimming and [illegible]. Checks, spots and [illegible]—by which I mean round or [illegible] trimmings let into the dress [illegible] what she needs to give her [illegible] a look of width. Bands [illegible] round the skirt, in the [illegible] chosen by our illustration, and [illegible] collars which fall softly over [illegible] shoulders, will always be useful [illegible]. She should wear gathered [illegible] and bodices, rather than [illegible] which fit closely, and a square [illegible] round yoke, with fulness [illegible] tucked into it, is one to suit her [illegible].

A sleeve which is loose at the [illegible] and elbow will prove more [illegible] to her arm than a tightly [illegible] shape. She should, as a [illegible] wear high collars, which come [illegible] up to the chin. When she [illegible] a evening dress, she will find [illegible] a transparent yoke, filled in [illegible] soft lace or net, suits her far [illegible] than an open decolletage.

A tall slender woman can, as a [illegible] carry a large hat; but a [illegible] slender one should pin her [illegible] with a little toque. Large [illegible] are not for her, as they [illegible] cut her out of existence, and [illegible] her look like an open [illegible]. With the hat for the [illegible] a broad cover and the body for [illegible].

A tall thin woman should not, as a rule, wear dark colours, for [illegible] tend to make her look insig[illegible]. White, cream, pale blue, [illegible] pink and pale yellow are best [illegible] evening wear, and in the day [illegible] she will find that pale grey [illegible] fawn are very becoming, pro[illegible] that her complexion and hair [illegible] stand them.

A shiny material is always better [illegible] her than one which has a dull [illegible], for anything bright catches [illegible] and increases the apparent [illegible] of the figure.

A GRACEFUL GOWN

which is most becoming to a slender wearer. It would work out charmingly in taffeta and heavy lace, or in thin face cloth and brocade. The hat has one of those large feathery plumes of uncurled ostrich, which are so fashionable at the moment.

A Successful Speech.

Most women are called upon to do a certain amount of public speaking now-a-days. Even those who have no political interests often find that it is necessary to address a meeting on some other subject. You may have to open a bazaar, conduct a prize-giving, or plead for some charity in which you are interested. A speech is by no means an easy thing to make, but a little care in preparation will do wonders towards carrying you through it successfully.

THINK ABOUT YOURSELF.

Find out exactly what position you are to occupy in the proceedings—whether you are the person of importance on the occasion, from whom something considerable will be expected, or whether you are a minor character, who will only have to say a few words. Try to find out, more or less, the time at which you will be expected to speak, so that you may be ready when called upon.

SPEAK VERY CLEARLY.

Remember that, though you know what you are going to say, the subject may be less familiar to your hearers, and, unless they are able to follow every word, they will soon lose the drift of your remarks.

Be particular to pronounce all names with great distinctness, and if you refer to anyone who may be unknown to the audience, add a little explanation, which will make all clear. Only a few words are necessary, such as "Miss Bright, the Matron of the Home at Southend," or "Mr. Alfred Lewis, the Secretary of the Scottish Branch of this Guild." A little description of this kind will make the persons of whom you speak familiar to your hearers.

STUDY YOUR AUDIENCE,

and find out whether they seem to be mostly ignorant or well educated; keen on the matter in hand or indifferent to it. You can easily do this by watching them from your seat on the platform. Then plan your speech accordingly, altering it from the form in which you had first arranged it, if necessary.

Don't be too clever, for people are rather apt to resent an excess of cleverness, as being a "show off" on the speaker's part. Another thing which always annoys an audience is a "read speech." If you cannot trust your memory you must, of course, jot down a few notes on paper, but don't show the paper more than you can help, for it is better to make a slight slip now and then than to spoil the effect of the whole thing by reading it off your script.

You must stand still, and you must look straight at the audience. This may seem almost impossible to a nervous beginner, but you will find that, when you are once launched on the subject, your terrors will soon take flight

Sunshine Babies.

"God made the sunshine for babies to play in" is the burden of a very old song, and there is a great deal of truth in it, for sunshiny days make happy children, and little ones who are allowed to live out of doors during the summer will thrive in a wonderful way.

All children love being out of doors. As soon as baby can speak at all he clamours to go "ta-ta," for his instinct tells him that fresh air and sunshine are good for all young growing things.

Now that spring is fairly with us the nursery windows should be propped wide open and never shut again, day or night, except in case of heavy rain or east wind. A child who is out of doors all day will not catch cold by having his window open at night. Of course, there must be plenty of blankets on his bed, and it is a good plan to give him a drink of warm milk after he is tucked up. But if these points are attended to he will sleep soundly and cosily all night, without being troubled by any of those bad dreams and terrors which torment children who lie in stuffy rooms.

Some people have an idea that children should be kept indoors after rain "because the ground is so damp." This is a great mistake, for the air after rain is particularly valuable, being so pure and fresh. Let the little ones have good thick boots, and woollen stockings drawn up to meet serge knickers. Then, even if they happen to tumble about on the damp grass, they are not likely to take any harm.

The romping suits of little girls should, if possible, be very much like those of their brothers. A jersey, or a loose tunic, worn over a pair of woollen knickers, is best, for this costume will not be damaged by any amount of tumbling and scrambling about. Healthy little girls naturally want to climb trees and jump fences with their brothers, and it is a great pity to hamper their movements by putting them into unsuitable clothes—sashes and frills which catch upon every stray twig, and are reduced to rags in the course of an hour's romp.

There is no reason on earth why sensible clothes should not also be pretty ones. Look at the two charming little white frocks at the bottom of this page. Could anything be more sensible and comfortable, and, at the same time, more becoming?

During the coming months the children will want special food, for they are so apt to get bilious if they eat unsuitable things during the hot weather. Meat once a day is amply sufficient, and it would be no bad plan to substitute fish for it at least once a week. One good fresh egg, in some form or other, should be given every day, and a milk pudding with stewed fruit should make its appearance at the principal meal.

Children should have an unlimited allowance of fresh vegetables, but do be careful to see that the fruit is really fresh and in good condition, or it may be a very dangerous food indeed. Little ones under the age of ten years should never be allowed to buy or pick fruit for themselves, as they do not know what to choose.

The Indigestion Fiend.

The Indigestion Fiend is a cruel enemy to the woman or girl. We are constantly hearing that some worker has had "nervous breakdown" and has been to give up her position. The beginning of these troubles is, more often than not, indigestion, the sufferer nervous and "run down," so that strength to face the little worries of every-day "got upon her nerves" and made her "good because a person who, through indigestion, is nourished, cannot expect to take a sane and of life in general.

One of the main causes of indigestion in wo is the haste with which they swallow their meals. sider that time spent in eating is time wasted; so till the last moment in the morning, and breakfast very short in order to catch their tra day meal consists, as often as not, of a bun and a c Then, when they get home at night, they are too tire to enjoy dinner or to digest it properly. This kind of goes on from day to day, and they wonder after months of it, why they feel so languid such curious pains.

The girl who wants to be strong and well at least half an hour to each meal, no matter to be neglected. If possible, she should rest before and after the meal, and she should eat when she is very hot or greatly exhau a certain craving hunger which attacks makes them eat very fast and heartily, but the followed by an attack of pain, because, when the is tired, the digestion cannot be expected to do properly. Sit down and rest for ten minutes Then you will bring to your food a healthy of a false one.

The quality of food eaten is another whose work keeps them much indoor hungry. They want something with a taste easily be swallowed. So they take spiced dishes, tea instead of plainer and more wholesome is a good plan to form a habit of eating—to practice of certain

TWO DAINTY WHITE FROCKS FOR TINY WEARERS.

A Present-day Prodigal.

THE OLD METHOD IMPROVED ON.

"Guv'nor in?"

A wooden-faced clerk looked up and nodded.

Robert Dane strode across the room and pushed open the familiar door. "I've come back."

"So I see," was the curt response.

Just the difference of age—that was all in the two faces that looked at each other across the table.

"And if you expect the fatted calf and all that—don't," the elder man went on.

He looked at his son, noting with keen eyes the somewhat shabby suit.

"You've been away six years," he said slowly; "six years time enough to have done something."

"Quite right, dad." Robert's tone was slightly frivolous, and the old man frowned. "And you've come back, as I always thought you would, as badly off as you went—shabby and penniless."

"No, father, you're wrong there. I wasn't shabby when I went away; don't you remember you had only just paid my ship's bill?" He looked down at his clothes reflectively. "Can't get much or a cut in the Bush; not always easy to get the cloth," and he laughed.

Robert Dane, senior, jingled the coins in his pockets impatiently.

"When I was your age," he began ponderously.

"You hadn't seen half as much of the world as I have," supplemented his son.

"A rolling stone."

"Never mind, dad; I've come to a stop."

Robert glanced round the well-furnished office with an appreciative eye. It suggested solid commercial comfort.

His father read his thoughts.

"Yes, Dane's can hold its own still," he said.

Robert Dane, senior, was a self-made man, and was proud of the fact.

At that moment he was putting down Robert Dane, senior, as a self-evident failure.

Robert smiled; he also was doing a bit of thought-reading.

"Well, look here, Robert," the elder went on, "as you have thought it worth while to come back—I shouldn't in your place—you'll have to work."

Robert wanted; he knew just the sort of job that was going to be offered him.

"There's Smithson's post—you can have that," continued Robert Dane, senior.

Robert had run away to Australia to avoid that Smithson's.

"Right," he said, "begin on Monday?"

"No," rapped out the old man, "start to-morrow."

He took his hand from his pocket and held out a coin to his son. "Take a taxi and go home. I suppose Briggs has lent you?" glancing with fresh disapproval at the other's attire.

Robert nodded.

The elder turned to his papers. The subject was done with. Robert had filled Smithson's vacant post. But Robert stood irritably.

"What do you want? I'm busy." The old man tapped a pencil irritably.

"Kate?" The question was abrupt, and Robert looked out of the window at a chimneypot just discernible through the grimy panes.

"Kate?" echoed Mr. Dane in an angrier tone than he had heard. "How dare you ask?"

Robert flushed a dull red under his tan.

His father went on working himself up into a rage. "Considering the way you left her, you ought to be too ashamed to mention her."

"I know it all, father," broke in Robert, "what do you mean?" sternly.

His thoughts went back six years, and in his mind's eye he saw a pretty fair-haired slip of a girl, whose shy blue eyes had fallen before the look in his, and whose hand had fluttered like a captured bird in his clasp. It had been a mute confession of love on both their parts.

"I've got hold of a story wrong side out, father," Robert said quietly. "I left Kate as free as I found her."

It had been his notion of dealing honourably with a girl who, he knew, loved him, because, after his quarrel with his father, he had nothing to offer her.

"She'll wait for me," he had comforted himself so—"and if she should."

"Down under" he had tried to forget her, too, in a way peculiar to men.

"I suppose she's married!" he spoke casually. "And Joe?"

Joe was Kate's brother.

"Yes! Joe's married fast enough. Anything further you want to know can wait until after luncheon, I think." Robert Dane, senior, turned to a document determinedly.

"You haven't answered about Kate, father; I want to know." There was a quiet insistence in the young man's tone that surprised the elder one.

"No, she's not married," he replied shortly.

"Ah!" Robert drew a sigh of relief; he leaned over the table. "I don't think I'll take on that job of Smithson's on second thoughts."

He laid the coin down on the paper in front of the old man. "Nor this, thanks all the same," he added.

"Why? What the devil——" spluttered Robert Dane, senior.

The younger Robert drew himself up to his full six feet of fine muscular manhood and laughed.

"You'll get nothing else out of me if that is your idea," and Mr. Dane pointed to the door.

Robert stood where he was. "I'm afraid I've taken you in a bit, father," he said. The old man's expression seemed to say that was impossible.

"I'm in no need of the fatted calf just at present," Robert went on calmly; "it may come in later on for a marriage feast." This was half to himself, and the old man's eyebrows went up a little, but Robert had not finished his say. "It isn't always wise to judge a man by his trousers, to say nothing of his shirt. As it happens, I made good down under, and if there's anything I can do for Dane's, I'm willing."

In silence the two looked at each other.

"Not the son of my father for nothing, eh, dad?"

Then, being Englishmen, they shook hands solemnly.

"Where are you off to, Robert?"

"To see what Kate says."

And Kate, being a woman, took Robert at his own valuation.

A. M. STEWART.

CHAUNCEY AND THE TURKEY.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, statesman, railway magnate, millionaire, and orator, has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best after-dinner speaker in the States—which is as much as to say in the whole English-speaking world.

At a dinner held in New York the other day, however—Chauncey being the principal guest—one of his rivals in the pleasant art told a story against him, which the great man cheerfully admitted, had "got him best."

The speaker told of an Atlantic crossing, where, as usual, throughout the voyage Mr. Depew had been the life and soul of the company, alike in the drawing-room and the smoking-room, but when, as the voyage progressed, he became more and more astounded, and even vexed, by the attitude of one fellow-passenger.

This man, a grim, morose, gaunt person, occupied always a chair in the circle round the great man, but remained wholly unmoved even by his brightest witticisms. Indeed, each brilliant sally, screaming tale, and clever repartee seemed to increase the gloom of his settled melancholy.

The last night of the voyage arrived, and, as is customary, it was of course a great evening.

Towards its close Mr. Depew determined to force the silent man from his icy reserve.

He pointed out that every one of the company had endeavoured to provide entertainment for his fellows through the trip, and suggested a final supreme effort by each person present.

Everyone complied in approved fashion, and gave of his best, till at length there remained only the morose passenger. Him Chauncey approached with suavest entreaty.

"Well," said the man, with a sigh: "I suppose I must do something." And Depew turned to the company triumphant, and claimed complete silence and attention.

"I can't sing a song," the man went on, "and I can't make a speech, and I can't tell a story; but——" here he sighed again—"if you like I'll ask you a conundrum. What is the difference between me and a turkey?"

Of course, no one guessed. The morose man rose and moved slowly to the door. "The difference," he said, his hand on the handle and nodding towards Chauncey, "is, that the turkey isn't generally stuffed with chestnuts until he's dead."

Finance.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

In the Rubber boom the public lost many millions of pounds by buying at the top, and I suppose they will do the same again over the coming oil boom; consequently my object must be to prevent readers of this column being carried away and buying at ridiculously inflated prices. There is no fear of that at present, as prices have moved very little yet, and those that have shewn good gains will rise considerably further.

The following are worth buying at present prices for a quick rise of 10s. to 15s. per share:—Constantine, now 1⅛; Eastern Petroleum, now 1⅝; G. M. Oilfields, now ½; Mexican Eagle Pref., now 2⅛; Standard of Mexico, "A" and "B," now 4s. and 10s. respectivly; Ural Caspian, now 3⅜.

The shares of the Central Carpathian are being pushed for all they are worth; but I strongly advise my readers to give them a wide berth, as, although these shares may eventually prove a fair investment, the present outlook for much appreciation in price is not good, because the public issue last July was a fiasco, and the underwriters were landed with practically the whole issue, which means that the shares are hanging over the market, rendering an upward movement in the price almost impossible at present. Moreover, the promoters added a profit between buying from the vendor and selling to the company of no less than £55,000 cash and £90,000 in shares, making £145,000, which was far too much, considering the vendors knew the value of and got full price for the properties. To make matters worse, the output of oil has not come up to prospectus estimates. True, an interim dividend of 10 per cent. per annum for the first half year's working has been paid; but the prospectus anticipated 20 per cent.

The Consolidated Oilfields of Trinidad 2s. shares are worth buying at the present price of 3s. 4½d., not because they are getting oil—although they have struck excellent oil at only 300 feet—but because two very first-class Stock Exchange firms have taken the shares in hand, and if it is good enough for them it is good enough for us. The total capital of the company is only £35,000.

The large bull account in Home Rails is evidently encouraging the bears to sell short; but I don't think the "shorts" will have it long their own way, and I strongly advise "bulls" not to be frightened out of their stocks.

Americans have had a decided set-back on such widely different points as the fight between Taft and Roosevelt—the Mississippi floods—and the Steel Trust figures for the first quarter of the year; but I am of opinion that this is another market where bears must not take liberties, and those who sell short should be content with small profits, otherwise they will be caught.

Canadian Pacifics have fallen back in sympathy with Americans, and are an excellent purchase at the reduced price now ruling, viz., 263. The scheme which the directors of this company are reported to be considering is the division of the railway undertaking proper from the land portion and the shipping portion of the business. This would give the present shareholders a substantial bonus, with prospects of much higher dividends in the future than the 10 per cent. at present paid on the present company.

Trunks should also be bought and locked up for a big rise in price, especially the ordinary, which ought to reach par in a few years' time, with probabilities of still further great improvement, as nothing can prevent the great progress of Canada continuing as the development of this wonderful country proceeds.

The Kaffir market still shows no progress, but I am advised that the West African market is likely to show a bold front in the near future.

National Telephone Deferred Shares have crossed 160, and look full of running.

Tin shares have about touched bottom, and the rainy season ought to help Nigerians.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

N. K. (Hartlepool).—You have a good list, and I advise holding all, with the exception of No. 5, on which you should take your profit.

C. A. (Preston).—Sell at best price obtainable.

MAC (Dorking).—The value of the guarantee is the strength of the guarantor, and I am afraid that upon enquiry you will find this practically worth little, or nothing.

FISH DOCK (Grimsby).—I do not know of any [illegible] for the shares, and although they may be value [illegible] named as a lock-up, I think you might find [illegible] good investment which you could more easily [illegible] necessity arose.

J. S. (Monmouth).—The shares were quoted ex divi[illegible] on the last Account Day.

P. SAVILL (Tralee).—All three are fair speculative risks, but I should place the order as C B A. In a strong boom it would be quite possible to put them to the price you [illegible] or even higher, but I should advise being content [illegible] a less profit.

D. SCOTT (Wrexham).—There is a market for the sha[illegible] but by no means a free one, as they say in the "House" it is a matter for negotiation.

W. F. (Stafford).—Of the list submitted I prefer Nos. 2 and 3, in the order named.

B. L. (Omagh).—A very hopeful speculative inv[illegible]ment, althou[illegible]

C. M. (Warwick).—Not my idea of an investment, althou[illegible] there is a possibility of a sharp rise in price if reports are confirmed.

LADDIE (Glasgow).—I will communicate with you when the tickets are ready for the Stock Exchange Derby Sweep[illegible] stake.

GEORGE WELLS (Peckham).—You do not say in your inquiry whether you wish to become a shareholder or a depositor. In either event I should advise you to select some older and better-known institution for the investment of your money.

P. L. D. (Ware).—I quite approve of your list. In my opinion there is no better investment than sound rubber companies.

WILD CHARLIE (Dalston).—£120,000 authorised, £110,000 issued in fully paid 2s. shares. No dividend paid yet as full year's working only completed this month. Directors will decide dividend when accounts are to hand. An excellent investment with great speculative promise, practically no risk. If you wish further particulars send stamped addressed envelope.

DUBIOUS (Leicester).—The contract appears to be quite in order. The commission is about the average rate, and I think you will come well out of the deal.

MATT MORRIS (Keighley).—Nos. 1, 4, and 5 are [illegible] risks. The others do not please me, and I should [illegible] an exchange into something more active.

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The "M.M." A-Wheel.

PERTINENT PARS BY OUR CYCLING INFORMANT.

With the holiday season romping along towards us, it becomes a matter of abiding interest for the wheelman to decide upon his course of vacational action. Whither shall he take his two-wheeled steed when the time of freedom comes, and whither shall he let it take him?

A WORD IN SEASON.

Should he decide upon the Continent, there are one or two things he must bear in mind. First and foremost, if he be an amateur photographer he should be extremely careful to avoid taking snapshots in the vicinity of fortifications, particularly in France and Germany. The Gallic mind, equally with the Teutonic, has a facile way of attributing to the innocent and inoffensive British snap-shottist the most dire of designs against the welfare of La Belle France and the Fatherland, and unpleasant complications are apt to ensue. Every Britisher is supposed to be most itchingly desirous of knowing all about the internal economy of every Continental fort, and every military individual in the neighbourhood of such forts is on the *qui vive* to pounce upon him should he carry a camera. So beware!

Another useful little tip is this: Don't take matches into France. They are a monopoly there, and if you are caught with the imported article in your possession, look out for squalls. You must endure as philosophically as you can all the discomforts and inconveniences of the asphyxiating French substitute. And, thank heaven, it won't be for ever! You know there are decent matches in the old country to return to.

NEARER HOME.

If you don't want to run the risk of feeding the fishes, you have a splendid touring area in "glorious Devon." The roads may not always vie with a racing track; but what magnificent scenery! Where can you beat it? Where, even, can you equal it? And every breath of its exhilarating air is almost like a new lease of life.

Between Exeter and Plymouth you will find plenty of occasions to walk your "bike." But that only gives you a more ample opportunity to imprint on the retina of your mind the scenic magnificence with which Nature has surrounded you. He must indeed be impervious to the influence of beauty who does not fairly revel in the ever-changing glories of a Devon landscape. Only that the contrast would not have its due effect upon him, he ought to be doomed to spend the rest of his days in cycling to and fro across the Desert of Sahara.

And if you do the Devon tour, read Baring Gould's "Book of Dartmoor" before you go. It will repay you.

WIND-UP ITEMS.

Some of those in the cycle trade were rather afraid that the coal strike was going to affect adversely the sale of new bicycles this year, although it caused a boom in cycling at the time. However, a real rush seems to have set in, and trade is excellent all round. The day must be rapidly approaching when every man in the country who is not a motorist, will have his bicycle.

The complaint against the Autocycle Union in regard to their re-run one-day spring trial was that, instead of being too difficult, like the first trial (when the complicated course, together with official blundering, caused the riders to lose their way), it was too easy. It took place over roads mostly in Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, and there were three stiff hills; but for the rest the difficulty was to keep down to the scheduled twenty miles an hour.

Many a cyclist has been fined half-a-crown for riding without a light; but they take a more serious view of the offence Aberdeen way. Following other fines well above the usual normal figure, Aberdeen magistrates the other day ordered a cyclist to pay a guinea. It must, however, be admitted that with the increase of fast traffic on the roads the danger of riding without a light has increased considerably during recent years.

Two causes of recent serious cycling smashes are worth reference. In one case a boy lost control going down hill, through having his cap in one hand, which prevented him from gripping the only reliable brake he had. In the other a rider had forgotten to unfasten the steering lock, and careered straight into a wall. It's just as well to be careful, isn't it?

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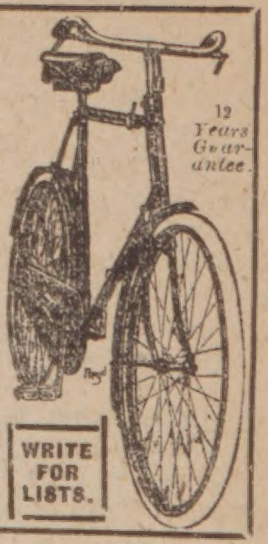

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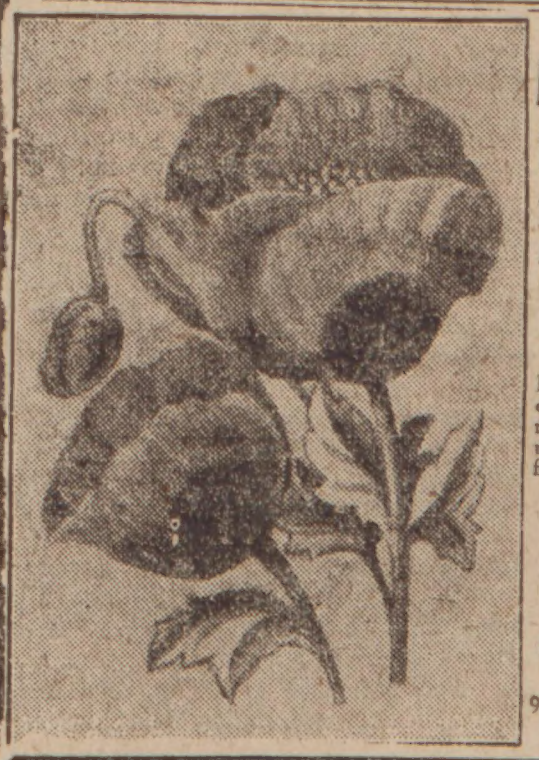

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The Week's Racing.

BY THE OLD HAND.

The Chester Cup and its result was a splendid tribute to the training ability of Tom Coulthwaite; and it will be a thousand pities if he puts his threat into execution of giving up training. I think Mr. Coulthwaite is obsessed with the idea that he is Little Ishmael, and that the flat hand of the National Hunt Committee is against him. It has always struck me that the Committee has been most kind and most generous to Mr. Coulthwaite, and where other trainers have been hauled up to explain inconsistent running, they have relied entirely upon his honesty and have never bothered to seek an explanation.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

If White Star and Lomond oppose one another this week, as it is intended they should do, racing at Newmarket will be of an extraordinarily interesting character, and though it does not follow that the winner of the Newmarket Stakes will be also the winner of the Derby, yet it will add zest to the great contest at Epsom. I do not think that the running of White Star in the Two Thousand Guineas has been satisfactorily explained. On the trial, bearing in mind the subsequent running of Sunspot and Lycaon, Sweeper must be an extraordinarily good horse, or else the race was the biggest fluke in the world.

I suppose Mr. Joel would not be pleased for me to say so, but it struck me that White Star did not run his race out. Either he cannot stay a mile, or else he does not put it all in.

HORSEFLESH TO NOTE.

At Newmarket this week the Newmarket Handicap, decided over a mile and a quarter, may be won by **Thalia**, who was fancied for the race last year, and will be suited by the distance. She is extraordinarily well handicapped, though it may be remarked that this is not exactly the season when one would recommend fillies.

The Norfolk Two-Year-Old Plate on the same day should be won by **Golden Lassie c**, and in his absence by the Nun, who got very badly away on the last outing. Bearing in mind her forward running behind Mahsud, the Flying Handicap on Wednesday should got to **Orsova** or Polish, though I rather fancy that a sharper course would suit Mr. Joel's filly.

On Thursday the Selling Plate, decided over the Rowley Mile, might be won by **Take Care**.

At Gatwick, on Friday, the Alexandra Handicap, worth five hundred sovereigns, and decided over six furlongs, should be won by **Vesta** or Beethoven.

On Saturday the Prince's Handicap, over two miles, is worth £500, and it seems to me an opportunity is afforded to **Victory**, to compensate Mr. Stedall for his loss of the Metropolitan.

At Haydock Park on Friday, the Trial Selling Plate of seven furlongs may go to **Sarpedon**; and on Saturday the Grand Stand Welter Handicap of one mile to **Alaric**. The Copeland Maiden Plate should be won by **Mercury**, and in the Juvenile Selling Plate we may have a good thing in the **Adalia g**.

POTTED PARS.

The Kempton Jubilee Handicap was founded, as its name indicates, in 1887. Until 1900 it was run over the New Mile, but since that year the distance has been 10 furlongs.

Bendigo, then seven years old, was favourite at 4 to 1 in 1887; and Mr. Barclay's champion, who presented a perfect picture, with Watts of the classic features in the saddle, won in grand style from Martley and Tyrone. He was giving the former 37lb., and it was no mean feat, for Martley was afterwards good enough to run third in the Derby.

Minting started favourite in 1888 in spite of the welter burden (10st.) carried by the massive son of Lord Lyon, and that great horse made hacks of some formidable competitors. It was one of the best, if not the very best, handicap performances on record.

In 1889 the race was run—for the first and last time—on a Friday. Goldseeker and True Blue II. were equal favourites at the start at 11 to 2, and Amphion, the winner, started at 100 to 8.

In 1890 the comely Philomel—a model of a mare—was first in demand at 9 to 2, and she had the accomplished Tom Cannon on her back; but she only finished eighth, and the spoils went to The Imp, a moderate three year old, who was second favourite at 5 to 1. The Imp only won by a head, and was brilliantly ridden by R. Chaloner.

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The Outer Man.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I am not in a position to criticise the justice or otherwise of the striking tailors' demands, but one or two points in this strike seem to be both clear and significant.

First, by those methods ironically known as "peaceful persuasion," many men have been forced to strike, or rather to stop work when they did not wish to do so, and were perfectly satisfied with the conditions of their employment.

My own tailor's hands have gone out, but only, as he assures me, under intimidation, and, as was the case with some sections of the miners, they are actually striking for less than they are getting.

I am no politician, but I will not reconcile our boasted freedom, political and social, with allowing one man to prevent another from working.

THE ALIEN IN OUR MIDST.

Next point, many, indeed I am told the majority of the strikers, are aliens—some at least of them of a highly undesirable type.

We have, then, the not particularly exhilarating spectacle of British tradesmen and British workmen being held up and terrorised by the scum of other nations. It seems to me that we sometimes pay too big a price for cheap foreign labour.

And don't forget that the banner these foreigners have been marching under has been the Red Flag of Socialism, or rather Anarchy.

The foreign tailors and tailoresses are but a section of the alien community in our midst. Striking is highly contagious, and it seems to me that before long we may have to reckon with an organised revolt of these alien visitors to whom we extend so hospitable a welcome. Excuse this seriousness, but, really, Snipovitch on strike makes one think a bit.

DRESSING THE MINER.

In a recent issue of the *Tailor and Cutter* there is an interesting article on cutting clothes for the North Country miner.

He, it appears, is very particular about his dress, and insists on the best materials.

He "delights in having his coats to fit clean at back, waist, and also at top of side-seam; there must be no loose material at that part, or else Mr. Tailor gets an encore."

"Coats for miners," to quote the article again, "are best cut as straight as possible in order to avoid much manipulation of fronts, which they dislike. Soft rolls are not in keeping with their idea of dress; the one great thing that characterises the miner's clothing is the favour of excessive padding and quilting, together with the stiffening of the fronts with haircloth. . . . I might also mention that many of them like their shoulders squared up by means of shoulder-pads, and the majority favour their sleeve-heads set up a little."

In cutting for the miner the tailor has also to consider his physical peculiarities, his abnormally developed chest and shoulders, his habit of carrying his arms forward, and his rather crouching attitude.

The study of mankind is always interesting, and I hope the *Tailor and Cutter* will give us some further articles on the sartorial peculiarities of different professions and trades.

A SEASONABLE TIP.

The advent of spring and the near approach of the holiday season makes one's thoughts turn to—no, not love, but to lighter clothes. I have just been examining the ranges of spring and summer patterns sent out by Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C., one of the leading firms in the tailoring trade, and I have been greatly pleased with the excellence of the materials and the beauty of the patterns.

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